

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



1. THE SOVEREIGN'S BOX.

2. MR. JOHN HARE AS ECCLES.

3. THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

4. SCENE FROM THE THIRD ACT.

5. THE PRINCE OF WALES'S BOX.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE UNIQUE PERFORMANCE OF "CASTE," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE, MARCH 18.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Quite a refreshing little shower of foreign courtesies is falling on this pirate Empire. For some mysterious reason, Baron Richthofen, Prussian Secretary of State, has been telling his fellow-legislators that we are by no means so black as Teutonic fancy has painted us. The *Cologne Gazette* informs that highly respectable body, the German Boer Relief Society, that it is guilty of "a wilful lie." The lie in question is, of course, a cartoon by an eminent artist, representing Kaffirs flogging a Boer woman under the direction of British officers. Dr. Conan Doyle has secured a respectful consideration of the British case from two or three prominent German journals, hitherto disposed to regard us as rather worse than cannibals. A distinguished German officer, General von Trotha, visited the Boer prisoners' camp in Ceylon, and heard no complaints except from a few Germans who wanted a change of diet. He told them that they could not expect the English to give them "caviare and oysters." This brutal jest was repeated by Baron Richthofen, and, so far, it has not provoked from an indignant public opinion a demand for General von Trotha's dismissal from the German Army.

Nor is this all. M. Georges Duruy invites the readers of the *Figaro* to admire the stoical calm of the British nation when it learned that Delarey had cut up Methuen's force, and captured the commander. This opinion should be studied by the pessimists who told us two years ago that the English character had changed from sobriety to hysteria. One writer, Mr. Bernard Shaw, made himself conspicuously silly by affirming that the change was due to "ten years of cheap reading." We were not hysterical, but simply human. Men who had felt no thrill when the dreaded capitulation of Ladysmith was averted would have been not men, but stocks or stones. The rejoicing of the man in the street was not always seemly; but the man in the street does not pretend to be a Spartan. The public temper now, which fills M. Duruy with admiration, is the normal English attitude towards difficulties. Mobs do not fill Palace Yard, and shake their fists at Ministers; but gentlemen who wield the pen in sedate periodicals remark with mild humour that, if General Delarey would kindly traverse the veld with long trains of ox-wagons and mule-wagons, some British commander would thank him warmly for such tempting facilities for attack.

These foreign courtesies do not turn our heads. They spring partly from diplomacy, partly from the discovery that lying abuse cannot move us from our purpose, partly from the slow enlightenment of a small number of persons who, in all matters affecting English policy and the English character, are commonly as ignorant as a carp or a Munich professor. The enlightenment of such people does not interest us very much. If in private life a man approaches you and says, "Sir, I was for a long time of opinion that you poisoned your grandmother, lived by picking pockets, and for a passing recreation inveigled children into cellars and ate them alive, but I have now discovered that all this is untrue, or, at any rate, exaggerated," you do not clasp his hand in a transport of grateful enthusiasm. You either turn your back on him, or you say, "Sir, if you were such a credulous ass as to swallow such rubbish, I do not care for your opinion, good or bad." That, I take it, is the view of most men and women in our pirate Empire with regard to the foreigners who, having for two years allowed a gang of unblushing liars to lead them by the nose, are now struggling fitfully and painfully into the area of sense and decency.

It is a pleasure to note how a French writer can practise chivalry when he is not required to blast with his lightnings the ruthless sea-wolves across the Dover Straits. M. Catulle Mendès has had a dispute with Madame Bernhardt about a play. I do not know exactly how the dispute stands now; but at one point M. Mendès expressed himself thus: "I will put my play in a drawer, a little coffin where I shall sometimes place a few flowers. There will be red roses to signify my admiration for Sarah, and violets to signify my regret at her capriciousness." Here you have a dignity and grace that should appeal to men, women, and angels. Dignity and grace, I fear, have not always been associated with the writings of M. Mendès. Some of his works, if known to women and angels, could gratify them only as fuel for a public bonfire. But his attitude in this affair with Madame Bernhardt is surely more dignified than, let us say, the attitude of sixteen exalted French ladies, who have announced that they will wear no new gowns, nor give any entertainments, until the Republic is abolished. The object of this self-denying ordinance is to injure trade, so as to exasperate tradesmen against the French President. No roses and violets for these sixteen Joans of Arc! In last season's gowns they sit rigidly in their gloomy domiciles, inviting nobody to dinner, and subsisting on the penurious rations of fanaticism. And yet the Republic, as wickedly obstinate as our pirate Empire, goes doggedly on!

Imagine these sixteen ladies each dining off a small roll and an onion. In the Middle Ages devout men used to swear never to wash or shave until a solemn vow had been fulfilled. That seems childish beside the devotion of these fair enemies of M. Loubet. Until he is whipped off his bad eminence, they will forswear the society of the dressmaker and the milliner. They will sustain life on rolls and onions lest a more sumptuous fare should make the butcher and baker satisfied with statesmen who have held office longer than any Ministry for thirty years. Think of sixteen hungry and dowdy Frenchwomen, maintaining a majestic but spectral indifference to what they shall eat and wherewithal they shall be clothed! Nothing is so impressive save the heroism of the "Irish Joan of Arc." I read about this lady in a newspaper sent to me from Rochester, New York State. There is a portrait of her scribbling for dear life, and I learn that she is raising an army to eject the hated Saxon from Ireland or overthrow him in South Africa. It is not very clear to which of these quarters of our pirate Empire the "Irish Joan of Arc" is directing her energies. But the British Government is seriously alarmed, and is asking M. Delcassé what he means by permitting this plan for our destruction to be organised in Paris. His answer is not yet known; but we shall hear of it in due course from Rochester, New York State.

A lady at Inverness writes me a letter full of agreeable humour about the Established Church of Scotland, "in the mazes of which," as she justly observes, "an Englishman gets hopelessly confused, and sometimes lost." Iken it weel; but let me not attempt the language of Burns, or I shall be still more hopelessly lost in that. My correspondent is kind enough to mention a subject which can be discussed with comparative confidence in the miserable tongue of the Sassenach. She is distressed because she has seen the phrase "as it were," treated as "suburban" by a writer in a certain illustrious print. I do not know who he is; but I am pretty well acquainted with a scribe known to all the world as Shakspere, and to Mrs. Gallup as Bacon. If my correspondent will turn to the scene in which Hamlet and Osric ("Dost know this waterfly?") discuss the temperature, she will find Osric delivering himself thus—

It is very sultry—as 'twere—I cannot tell how.

Evidently, "as it were" was not considered "suburban" at the Court of Elsinore.

"Suburban" is an epithet that should always be regarded with suspicion. It is frequently employed to denote a popular success displeasing to a certain coterie. Mr. Stephen Phillips, for example, who has achieved two remarkable triumphs on the stage with the poetic drama, is told that his popularity is "suburban." "Paolo and Francesca," brilliantly played by Mr. George Alexander and his company at the St. James's, is as successful as "Ulysses," at Her Majesty's. Neither is an ideal play; but both have so much beauty that Mr. Phillips deserves the honours he has won. If these plays had failed, the croakers would have said that the British playgoer has no sense of the poetic drama. But as Mr. Phillips has succeeded, there is an outcry against the advertisement of his poems; and in one astonishing article I have read he is actually compared to Robert Montgomery, who was ruthlessly extinguished by Macaulay. Montgomery was a fatuous word-spinner, who called upon the Deity to "pause and think." He employed the verbiage that used to be heard from illiterate pulpits, where the wonders of the Creation were explained to the Creator. Seventy years ago it was easy to puff such a bard of "religiosity" through a dozen editions; but if Stephen Phillips were of the same metal he would not have two plays in the full tide of prosperity. The psychology of his dramas is not perfect, and we can all pick out his weak lines; but it is idle to dispute his true poetic gift because his portrait is in the booksellers' windows, and his publisher is circulating a fervid little brochure about his career.

It is, I know, the fixed belief of some judges that poetry cannot succeed on the stage except by illicit means. They say no playgoer likes the poetic drama for its own sake; he sits through it as an act of penance, which is made tolerable by scenery and music, and by all manner of appurtenances that have no real connection with the theme. A cheerful citizen, glancing at the theatrical advertisements in the morning paper, suddenly looks grave, and says to his wife, "My dear, we have committed many little sins. I was very rude to your mother yesterday. Your last milliner's bill really passes belief. We have talked scandal about our neighbours. We must do penance. To-night I will take you to see 'Paolo and Francesca'!" Or the citizen says, "My dear, last night we laughed quite disgracefully at the delightful fooling of James Welch in 'The New Clown.' To-night we must sacrifice ourselves to the higher interests of the stage by cultivating the poetic drama. I think 'Ulysses' will serve for a good gloomy dose of duty." It is a droll notion; but why not credit the playgoer with a little imagination?

PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Lords Earl Spencer opened a debate on martial law in Cape Colony. He held that the necessity for martial law had not been proved, and asked for documents. The Lord Chancellor said that the documents amounted to half a hundredweight. He suggested that when the authorities had to deal with war and rebellion, Constitutional liberty was necessarily suspended. Lord Coleridge contended that martial law was improperly applied in districts where no shot had been fired, and where the ordinary courts were capable of dealing with any case that might arise. Lord Rosebery held that the motion for inquiry was legitimate, and that if the Government were not to be criticised, the House might as well adjourn until measures came up from the Commons. Lord Salisbury said that in a state of rebellion martial law was enforced against the King's enemies, and that without it the King's authority could not be maintained.

In the Commons Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman moved for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the war contracts. He urged that the inquiry ought not to be postponed to the end of the war, as the taxpayer's interests could be protected only while the facts were fresh. Mr. Brodrick replied that an immediate inquiry would disorganise the War Office and compel the attendance of Lord Kitchener and other officials who could not be spared from the front. The question was not of principle, but of time. He warned the House against the gossip of disappointed contractors, one of whom had threatened him with a Parliamentary agitation. He admitted that the contract with the Cold Storage Company had been made at too high a price; but the contract was made at a time when it was necessary to feed the troops at any cost. The supply of horses was defective at the beginning of the war, but the Remount Department was now working admirably. In the course of a heated debate, Mr. Asquith argued that no case had been made out for delay of the inquiry. The question of the horse-supply was extremely grave, and he derided the idea that the necessary witnesses could not be summoned without injury to the public service. Mr. Balfour retorted that to hold any inquiry now would be to serve the cause of the enemy. An immediate inquiry would be worth five thousand men to the Boers. On a division the motion was defeated by a majority of 155.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. MACKLIN'S BENEFIT MATINEE AT THE HAYMARKET.

For the benefit of Mr. F. H. Macklin, a sound and capable actor, who was most recently seen on the London stage as Sohemus in Mr. Stephen Phillips' drama "Herod," and who had previously been associated with certain of Sir Henry Irving's later Lyceum ventures—with "Cymbeline," "The Merchant of Venice" revival, and "Madame Sans-Gêne"—there was given at the Haymarket Theatre last Tuesday afternoon a special, indeed unique, representation of "Caste." Mr. George Alexander playing D'Alroy, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Captain Hawtree; Mr. John Hare, Eccles; Mr. Cyril Maude, Sam Gerridge; Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Dixon; Miss Marie Tempest, Polly Eccles; Miss Fanny Coleman, the Marquise; and Miss Winifred Emery, the heroine, Esther—here, surely, with a company that included five actor-managers, was promised a superb combination! The novelty of the performance was enhanced by the fact that while Mr. Alexander, of course before his first Lyceum engagement, had acted D'Alroy in the provinces, and Mr. Hare was the original Gerridge, and offered some five years ago his interesting and vinegary reading of Eccles, four of the principal players, Mr. Tree, Mr. Maude, Miss Tempest, and Miss Emery were new to "Caste." At this exceptional matinée every seat in the theatre was reserved, and heartiest royal and public support was rendered to an excellent object.

THE PROGRAMMES OF THE SUBURBAN THEATRES.

It may be due to the influence of Lent, it may be a mere coincidence, but certainly this week the programmes of the suburban theatres almost universally avoid that most frivolous form of theatrical entertainment—musical comedy. Its place is taken by the less inconvenient opera-bouffe, and, though in one instance on'y, by grand opera. The Carl Rosa Company are appearing at the Duchess Theatre, Balham; while the representatives of comic opera are "The Emerald Isle," at the Camden; "La Poupée," at the Broadway, New Cross; and "Les Cloches," at the Borough, Stratford. Otherwise the patronage of suburban playgoers seems divided between touring managers and old and new style melodrama. Mr. John Hare is presenting "A Pair of Spectacles" at the Coronet Theatre, and the Kendals, stationed at the Alexandra, Stoke Newington, are relying on the alternative attractions of "A Scrap of Paper" and "The Elder Miss Blossom." Elsewhere the sensational drama reigns well-nigh supreme, as good, solid, (melo)dramatic fare as can be obtained anywhere being provided at the Kennington Theatre, where a second week does not appear to have exhausted the attractiveness of Drury Lane's "Great Millionaire."

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER EXCURSIONS.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will be run from EUSTON, KENSINGTON (Addison Road), BROAD STREET, WOOLWICH, WILLESDEN JUNCTION, and other London Stations, as follows—

ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26,

to DUBLIN, GREENORE, BELFAST, Ardglass, Armagh, Bray, Bundoran, Cork, Downpatrick, Dundalk, Enniskillen, Galway, Greystones, Killarney, Limerick, Londonderry, Newcastle (Co. Down), Newry, Ovoca, Portrush, Sligo, Thurles, Warrenpoint, Westport, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places in Ireland. To return within 16 days.

ON WEDNESDAY MIDNIGHT, MARCH 26,

to Blackburn, Blackpool, Bolton, Carlisle, Chorley, English Lake District, Fleetwood, Furness Line Stations, Lancaster, Lytham, Maryport, Morecambe, Penrith, Preston, St. Helens, Southport, Whitehaven, Workington, Wigan, &c., returning March 31, April 1 or 2.

ON THURSDAY, MARCH 27,

to Abergavenny, Abergele, Aberystwyth, Bangor, Barmouth, Bettws-y-Coed, Blaenau Ffestiniog, Brynmawr, Builth Wells, Cármarthen, Carmarvon, Colwyn Bay, Conway, Crickieth, Dolgelly, Dolwlas, Ebbw Vale, Harlech, Hereford, Holyhead, Llanberis, Llandilo, Llandudno, Llangammarch, Llanwrtyd, Merthyr, Oswestry, Pwllheli, Rhayader, Rhyl, Shrewsbury, Swansea, Tredegar, Wellington, Welshpool, Wrexham, &c., returning March 31, April 1 or 2.

To Ashbourne, Birkenhead, Birmingham, Burton, Buxton, Chester, Coventry, Derby, Dudley, Leamington, Leicester, Macmillan, North Staffordshire Company's Stations, Nuneaton, Rugby, Tamworth, Thrapston (for Dovedale), Walsall, Warwick, Wolverhampton, &c., returning March 31, April 1 or 2.

To CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen, Arbroath, Ayr, Ballater, Banff, Brechin, Buckie, Callander, Castle Douglas, Crief, Cruden Bay, Dumbarion, Dundee, Dundee, Elgin, Fortar, Fort William, Gourock, Greenock, Inverness, Keith, Kirkcudbright, Moat, Montrose, Nairn, Newton Stewart, Oban, Perth, Stirling, Strathearn, Strathpeffer, Whinlun, Wigton, and other places in Scotland, returning March 31 or April 1, within 16 days.

ON THURSDAY MIDNIGHT, MARCH 27,

to Crewe, Liverpool, Stafford, Warrington, Widnes, Ashton, Manchester, Oldham, Stalybridge, Stockport, &c., returning March 31, April 1 or 2.

ON SATURDAY MIDNIGHT, MARCH 29,

to Liverpool, Manchester, Oldham, Stockport, Warrington, &c., returning March 31, April 1, 2, or 3.

ON MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 31,

to Birmingham, Coventry, Dudley, Kenilworth, Leamington, Warwick, Walsall, Wednesbury, Wolverhampton, &c., returning same day, or on April 1 or 2. (No bookings from Kensington or Woolwich by this train.)

For Times, Fares, and full particulars, see Small Bills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Town Offices.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

SOUTH COAST, WEST OF ENGLAND, AND FRENCH COAST.

EXCURSION TICKETS to PARIS will be issued on March 26, 27, 28, and 29, available for 14 days or less. RETURN FARES, First Class, 39s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class, 26s.

CHEAP TICKETS will be issued by any ordinary train to HAVRE on March 27, 28, and 29; CHERBOURG on March 27 and 29; and to ST. MALO on March 28. RETURN FARE, Third Class by Rail and Second Class by Steamer, LONDON to ST. MALO and HAVRE, 24s. 6d.; CHERBOURG, 22s.

SPECIAL EXTRA FAST TRAINS at ORDINARY FARES will leave WATERLOO as follows—

ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26.

At 12.25 p.m. to SOUTHAMPTON WEST and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 4.5 p.m. to BOURNEMOUTH (DIRECT).

ON THURSDAY, MARCH 27.

At 12.00 noon and 3.25 p.m. to GUILDFORD, HAVANT, and PORTSMOUTH.

At 12.25 p.m. to SOUTHAMPTON WEST and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 1.50 and 4.5 p.m. EXPRESS to BOURNEMOUTH.

At 4.45 p.m. to SOUTHAMPTON WEST and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 5.40 p.m. to SALISBURY, YEOVIL, EXETER and PLYMOUTH LINES.

At 5.55 p.m. to SOUTHAMPTON WEST, CHRISTCHURCH, BOScombe, BOURNEMOUTH CENTRAL, and WEYMOUTH.

At 9.50 p.m. for WEYMOUTH.

At 10.25 p.m. to SALISBURY, EXETER, EXMOUTH, CREDITON, BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, TORRINGTON, BIDEFORD, &c.

At 10.30 p.m. to EXETER, OKEHAMPTON, HOLSWORTHY, TAVISTOCK, DEVONPORT, PLYMOUTH, BUDE, LAUNCESTON, DELABOLE, WADEBRIDGE, PADSTOW, BODMIN, &c.

ON GOOD FRIDAY.

At 5.50 a.m. to WINCHESTER, EASTLIGH, SOUTHAMPTON WEST, BROCKENHURST, CHRISTCHURCH, BOURNEMOUTH, DORCHESTER, WEYMOUTH, ANDOVER, SALISBURY, TEMPLECOMBE, SHERBORNE, YEOVIL, EXETER, &c.

At 8.30 p.m. to WEYMOUTH.

ON EASTER SUNDAY, 8.30 p.m., and on SATURDAY, MARCH 29, and EASTER MONDAY, MARCH 31, at 9.50 p.m. to WEYMOUTH.

For full particulars of above and other arrangements for Easter Holidays, see bills and programmes, to be obtained at any of the Company's Stations, London Receiving Houses, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS to PARIS, via FOLKESTONE and BOULOGNE, on Thursday, March 27, and Saturday, March 29, leaving VICTORIA 2.40 p.m., HOLBORN 2.45 p.m., and ST. PAUL'S 2.37 p.m.; also from CHARING CROSS and CANNON STREET, via DOVER and CALAIS, at 9 a.m. on March 27, and at 9 p.m. on March 26, 27, 28, and 29. Returning on Bank Holiday from PARIS at 3.25 p.m., via BOULOGNE, or at 9 p.m. any day within 14 days, via CALAIS.

CHEAP TICKETS, available for certain specified periods, will be issued to BOULOGNE, BRUSSELS, CALAIS, OSTEND, and Towns in HOLLAND during the Holidays.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, CANTERBURY, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTCLIFFE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, DOVER, FOLKESTONE, SHORNCLIFFE, HYTHE, SANDgate, and NEW ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA), will be issued from LONDON by certain Trains on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 27, 28, and 29, available to return on Tuesday, April 1.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS on GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER MONDAY from the principal LONDON ASHES to ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, DEAL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, GRAVESEND, HASTINGS, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, RAMSGATE, BROADSTAIRS, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDgate, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL) on BANK HOLIDAY. Return Fare from London, including admission, 1s. 6d., Third Class.

For full particulars of the above Excursions, Extension of Time for certain Return Tickets, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Holiday Programme and Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

ON GOOD FRIDAY the trains will run as on Sundays, except that the 5.15 a.m. express from London (King's Cross) at ordinary fares, will be run to PETERBOROUGH, GRANTHAM, LINCOLN, NOTTINGHAM, DONCASTER, WAKEFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, and HALIFAX, stopping at the intermediate Stations at which it ordinarily calls, and will be continued to YORK, NEWCASTLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, PERTH, ABERDEEN, &c.

The Cheap Week-End Tickets, usually issued each Friday and Saturday, will be issued on Thursday, Good Friday (if train service permits), and Saturday, March 27, 28 and 29, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 1 (except date of issue), but tickets to Cromer, Malborough, Mundesley-on-Sea, Weybourne, Sheringham, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, West Runton, Woodhall Spa, and Yarmouth, are available for return on day of issue or on any day up to Tuesday, April 1 inclusive (if train service admits).

For fares and full particulars see bills, to be obtained at the Company's stations and town offices.

CHARLES STEEL, General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

On the days preceding GOOD FRIDAY several of the trains from PADDINGTON will run in TWO PARTS.

On GOOD FRIDAY the trains will run as on SUNDAYS, and SPECIALS will leave PADDINGTON at 5.30 a.m. for Reading, Swindon, Bath, BRISTOL, Weston-super-Mare, TAUNTON, EXETER, Torquay, PLYMOUTH, Falmouth, Penzance, Trowbridge, Frome, Yeovil, Bridport, Weymouth, GLOUCESTER, Cheltenham, Hereford, Newport, CARDIFF, SWANSEA, &c.; and at 5.35 a.m. for READING, Abingdon, OXFORD, Banbury, LEAMINGTON, BIRMINGHAM, Wolverhampton, WORCESTER, Malvern, Kidderminster, &c.

Full particulars, Tickets, and Pamphlets of Excursion arrangements obtainable at the Company's Stations and Town Offices.

J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

LONDON BRIGHTON & SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PARIS AT EASTER.—14-DAY EXCURSIONS.

Via Newhaven, Dieppe, & the Valley of the Seine. Thursday, March 27, from Victoria & London Bridge 10.0 a.m. (1 and 2 Class), & Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, & Saturday, March 26 to 29, from Victoria and London Bridge 8.50 p.m. (1, 2 and 3 Class). Fares, 39s. 3d.; 30s. 3d.; 26s. Special Cheap Return Tickets from Paris to Switzerland are issued in connection with these Excursions.

NORMANDY & BRITTANY AT EASTER.

SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, to DIEPPE from London Bridge & Victoria, by Day or Night Service, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday & Monday, March 27 to 31. Fares, 24s., 19s., available for return up to April 1. Roads & Scenery recommended to Cyclists.

Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS' PHOTOGRAVURE DEPARTMENT.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

Life on the Stage. Clara Morris. (Ibsister. 6s.)

Kate Bonnet: The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter. Frank R. Stockton. (Cassell. 6s.)

A Mystery of St. Rule's. Ethel F. Heddle. (Blackie. 6s.)

Monsieur Martin: A Romance of the Great Swedish War. Wymond Carey. (Blackwood. 6s.)

The Assassins. Nevill M. Meakin. (Heinemann. 6s.)

Happy-Go-Lucky Land. Max Schmidt. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

I Crown Thee King. Max Pemberton. (Methuen. 6s.)

Mistress Barbara Cunliffe. Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

More Tales of the Birds. W. Warde Fowler. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)

The Dead Ingleby. Tom Gallon. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

A Vision of Beauty. Joseph Hatton. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

Elia, and the Last Essays of Elia. Charles Lamb, with an Introduction and Notes by E. V. Lucas. The Little Library. (Methuen. 1s. 6d.)

The Keys of the House. Algernon Gissing. (Methuen. 6s.)

Lyre and Lance. F. Anstey. (Smith, Elder. 2s. 6d.)

Thérèse Raquin. Emile Zola. Translated by Edward Vizetelly. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

John Loft's Alice: A Dramatic and Picturesque Tale of Village Life in Essex. Frances C. Burmester. (Grans. Richards. 6s.)

Nora Lester. Anna Howarth. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)</

THE RIVIERA SEASON: SPORTS AT NICE.

DRAWN BY A. J. GOUGH.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, MARCH 22, 1902.—414



THE TROTTING RACES: CONGRATULATING A WINNER.

ARMIES OF THE WORLD.—No. I.: JAPAN.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKHOEK.



1. A GENERAL OFFICER AND STAFF.

2. INFANTRY IN ACTION: SUPPORTS REINFORCING THE FIRING LINE.

3. SIEGE ARTILLERY IN WINTER.

4. STRETCHER-BEARERS OF THE MEDICAL STAFF CORPS.

5. CAVALRY OF THE LINE.

6. MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY.

PERSONAL.

The illness of Mr. Rhodes has elicited messages of sympathy from the King and Queen. Her Majesty's message ran: "Very sorry to hear of your trying illness. I pray God to restore your health." Lord Kitchener and Lord Rosebery also have telegraphed their solicitude.

On March 18 the arguments in favour of the various claimants for the office of Lord Great Chamberlain were concluded before the House of Lords Committee of Privileges.

Of the two ladies elected to be members of the Royal Society of British Artists—the first of their sex to be chosen—Mrs. Jopling-Rowe has been longest known to the frequenters of exhibitions. She was born in Manchester, and married when very young Mr. Frank Romer, of the Civil Service, who became afterwards Private Secretary to Baron Nathaniel Rothschild in Paris. While in that capital Mrs. Romer became a serious student of painting under M. Charles Chaplin, and has never since relinquished



Photo. Kalmia.
MRS. JOPLING-ROWE,
Elected R.B.A.

the assiduous practice of her art. As an exhibitor in the Academy, the New Gallery, and the Salon, her name is familiar year by year, and she is known also as the conductor of a school of art. This lady's second husband was Mr. Joseph Jopling, of the War Office, a winner of the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon, and himself a painter in water-colours. Mrs. Jopling married thirdly Mr. George W. Rowe.

The King is not to go abroad this Easter. He will cruise in English waters on board the new royal yacht, which will then have some opportunity of displaying the excellent points which ought to have been secured by an enormous expenditure. Internally, at any rate, the royal yacht is a model of beauty and comfort. The Queen will not accompany the King, but will join a family party in Denmark.

The removal of the belongings of the King and Queen from Marlborough House has begun. The Court will go into residence at the Palace, if possible, on the King's return from his yachting cruise.

The King has decided not to visit Ireland this year. This step has been taken in consequence of the unseemly demonstration on the Irish benches when Mr. Brodrick read out in the House of Commons the despatch announcing the defeat and capture of Lord Methuen.

The Princess of Wales visited Leighton House the other day to see the treasures of the permanent collection there and to inspect the loan exhibition of paintings by Miss Fortescue Brickdale. The house in Lord Leighton's time was a very favourite one with members of the royal family; and there is still enough of his handiwork on its walls to make it a fit place of pilgrimage for his former friends.

Prince Henry of Prussia, in answer to an inquiry as to what had impressed him most in America, replied that he would always have a most vivid recollection of the vast, orderly, good-humoured crowds, with here and there a powerful, or beautiful, or spiritual face.

The death of the Rev. Richard Gee, D.D., Canon of Windsor, took place on March 14 at the Cloisters, after only two days' illness, from pneumonia. Born in 1817, he had reached his eighty-fifth year, and had already celebrated his diamond wedding. Yet in spite of his advanced age his faculties were sound, and he occupied his stall in St. George's Chapel only the Sunday before his death. From Wadham College he took his degree in 1840—the year also of his ordination. After thirty-four years

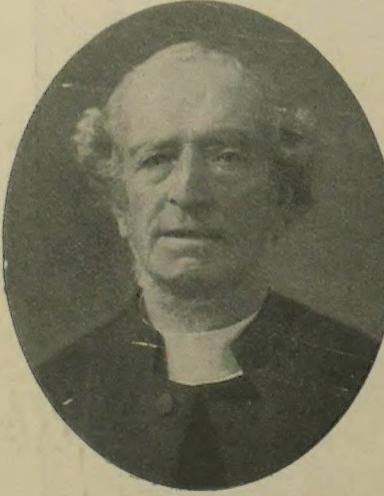


Photo. Russell, Windsor.
THE LATE REV. RICHARD GEE, D.D.,
Canon of Windsor.

of residence in Hertfordshire as Vicar of Abbots Langley, Canon Gee became Vicar of New Windsor, and honorary Chaplain to Queen Victoria. He also served as Chaplain to the Bishop of St. Albans, and as Reader in the Chapel Royal at Windsor Castle. He leaves, besides his widow, three daughters, the eldest of whom, Mrs. Holmes, is the wife of the King's Librarian.

The killing of M. Guillien, a Paris author and journalist, by a motor-car, has raised in that capital a hue and cry against the excessive speed at which motor-cars are now driven. Pedestrians in London will probably sympathise with pedestrians in Paris on this

point; for a fellow-feeling of danger makes men wondrous kind. The difficulty is that the speed of the motor-car is generally its chief attraction to its owner. The conflict of his interests with those of the man in the street will be at least partially reconciled when special motor-car tracks are laid down in parks and great thoroughfares.

M. Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist, writes in a Paris journal that the Boers may think themselves lucky to be vanquished by the British, who will treat them well. If they had been so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of Prussia, they would share the fate of the inhabitants of Prussian Poland.

Maxim Gorky has been elected a member of the Russian Imperial Academy of Sciences. The new member of that distinguished body is now living under police surveillance in the Crimea. He committed the grave offence of sympathising with the students when they were harried by the police a year ago.

Mr. Secretary Hay is compelled to spend a great deal of his time on the pertinacity of a certain Rev. Mr. Thomas, who wants to distribute money in the South African concentration camps. Mr. Hay has pointed out that this work of charity can be left to the American Consuls. The disinterested benevolence of the Rev. Mr. Thomas will have to stay at home.

At his residence, Heath House, Hampstead Heath, Sir Richard Temple died on March 15 after an illness of several months. Born in 1826 at Kempsey, near Worcester, he was educated at Rugby and Haileybury, and if he did not seek degrees in early life, degrees may be said to have sought him in later years, for he was a D.C.L. of Oxford, and LL.D. of both Cambridge and Montreal. In 1848 he began that career in the Indian Civil Service by which he won a wide renown. Many were the administrative posts he had held when, in 1868,

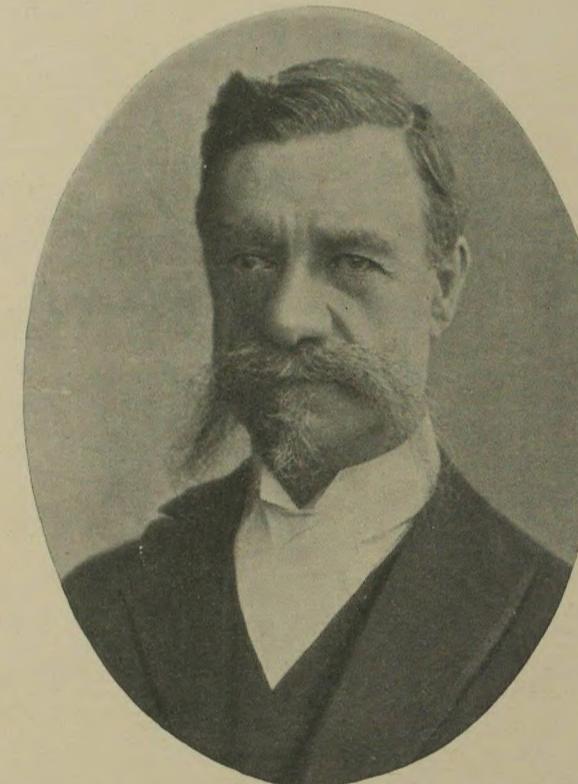


Photo. Russell.
THE LATE SIR RICHARD TEMPLE,
Ex-GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.

he was appointed Finance Minister of India. Six years later he was Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and after that was Governor of Bombay. Returning home, he entered Parliament, which he diligently attended, voting in the "record" number of divisions; and he acted, besides, as Vice-Chairman of the London School Board. He was an extensive traveller, and a busy recorder with his pen of things seen, whether in "Picturesque India" or in "The House of Commons," to name only two on the longish list of his publications.

Two Irish members have written to the *Times* to dissociate themselves from the indecent exultation of some of their comrades over Methuen's defeat. It is suggested that if Mr. Redmond had been present he would have suppressed the outburst. But Mr. Redmond has not thought fit to express any regret in the House or out of it.

The *Times* has printed some interesting extracts from Mr. Redmond's speeches in America. He repeated Mr. Parnell's famous assurance that no Irish leader would try to check "the onward march of a nation," and he declared that the object of his party was to achieve "the national independence of Ireland." At Glasgow Mr. Dillon was equally explicit. He said "he would fight to make Ireland a separate and independent nation."

Mr. John Morley has rebuked Lord Rosebery for organising the Liberal League. Lord Rosebery retorted that the Liberal League had as much right to exist as the National Reform Union or the League of Liberals against Militarism and Aggression, neither of which bodies has incurred Mr. Morley's censure.

The League of Liberals against Militarism and Aggression has changed its name to the Gladstone League. This, in the opinion of Mr. Sydney Buxton, is "nothing less than an outrage." The various organisations within the Liberal party have no lack of adventure, and cannot complain that life is tedious.

Further rebellion in China is reported from the provinces of Kwangsi, Kwangtung, and Yunnan. General Ma has engaged the rebels at Fang-cheng, and after two days' fighting was forced to retreat. Hung Ming, a

relation of Hung Su Chuen, who led the Taiping rebellion, is the insurgent captain. Prospects of plunder and increased emolument are attracting many of the imperial troops to the standard of revolt.

Certain French journals have thought fit to warn King Edward that he would not be welcome just now in Paris. The sense of justice that burns in the veins of Drumont would protest against the presence of a Sovereign who is conquering the Boers. No doubt the feelings of M. Drumont will be carefully considered in any plans the King may have in view.

Miss Lucy Elizabeth Kemp-Welch, who shares with

Mrs. Jopling-Rowe the honour of being one of the two ladies first elected to membership at the Royal Society of British Artists, was born at Bournemouth in 1869, and studied art at the Herkomer School, Bushey. In 1874 she first exhibited at the Royal Academy, and from that time had the fortune to attract attention by her excellent drawing of horses. In 1897 the Chantrey Trustees bought her "Colt-Hunting in the New Forest"; and three years later her "Horses

Bathing in the Lea" went to the National Gallery of Victoria. Miss Kemp-Welch has since then tried her hand at a military piece, in which, of course, horses mainly figured—we refer to her "Lord Dundonald's Dash on Ladysmith."

Two new Law appointments are announced: Mr. E. M. H. Fulton, of the Indian Civil Service, Judge of the High Court of Bombay, has been made a member of the Council of the Governor of Bombay, in place of Sir E. C. K. Ollivant, K.C.I.E., whose tenure of the office expires next month. Mr. Herbert Batty, of the Indian Civil Service, has been chosen to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Fulton's promotion.

Bushey House, the new home of the National Physical Laboratory, was on March 19 formally dedicated to its new uses by the Prince of Wales. The house was originally the official residence of the ranger of Bushey Park. In 1710 Queen Anne granted the house to the first Lord Halifax, and it seems to have been rebuilt sixty years later.

The Rev. D. G. Cowan, who has been appointed by the Bishop of London to the incumbency of St. John's, Red Lion Square, has been one of the most active and successful of East London preachers. As Vicar of St. John's, Isle of Dogs, he did splendid work among the poorest classes, and he also maintained brotherly relations with his Nonconformist neighbours.

Lord Wolseley has sailed for South Africa; but he stated before his departure that his voyage had no official character.

Lord Kitchener has telegraphed in warm terms to the Government of New Zealand, thanking them for the help he has received from that colony, and testifying to the soldierly qualities of the New Zealand troops. Mr. Seddon, whose energy increases with the prolongation of the war, is despatching fresh contingents, evidently unabashed by the disapproval of Mr. Labouchere, who thinks the meddlesome conduct of New Zealand and her Premier "may lead to separation."

A supplementary despatch of Lord Kitchener's adds a number of new details about the reverse which cost Lord Methuen his liberty and about fifty of his troops their lives. One thing Lord Kitchener reports on the word of the wounded General—that the artillery was splendidly served, and by none more devotedly than by Lieutenant Thomas Peere Williams Nesham, of the 38th Battery, Royal Field Artillery. Only last year was he made Lieutenant, having received his first commission in December 1898. He had not seen service before the war in South Africa, and he was little more than twenty-one years of age when he met with his death. The stampede of the mounted troops left the guns without protection, but the last to be silenced was that which Lieutenant Nesham worked. Called upon to surrender, he refused; and at his post he met with the death of the brave. He was the only son of the late Admiral Nesham, R.N., and nephew of Admiral Sir F. Bedford, and great-grandson of Admiral Nesham, who distinguished himself when a young man by an act of gallantry during the French Revolution, for which he was presented with a sword of honour and a laurel wreath



Photo. Downer, Watford.
MISS LUCY KEMP-WELCH,
Elected R.B.A.

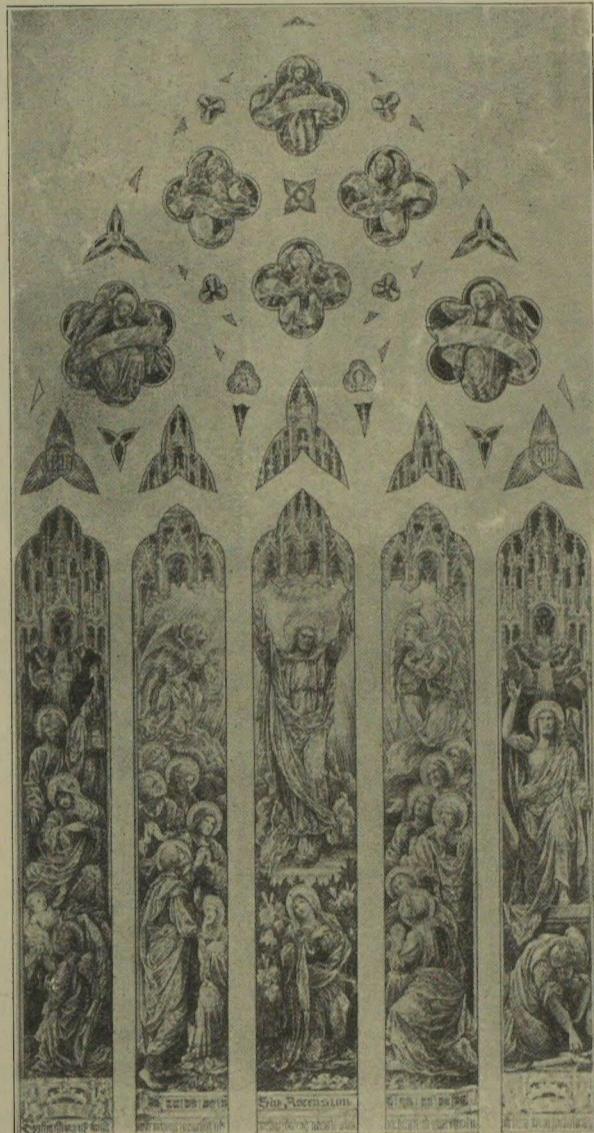


Photo. Hawke, Plymouth.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT NESHAM,
Killed at Tweebosch.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE FIRST COURT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The "Drawing-Room" of the Victorian era is over, with all that it entailed—the evening dress in the garish daylight, the stare and sometimes the jeering of the bystander when carriages were blocked in the streets, the crush and the delay even after Buckingham Palace was reached, the absence of refreshments, except in cases of emergency when, as sometimes happened, a débutante fainted in the crush, and, finally, the cancelled presentation. That the changed arrangements, ordained by Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, make for greater dignity and decorum is the undoubted opinion of all persons who were familiar with the old system and who took part in the new on the night of Friday, March 14. Their Majesties entered the Throne Room at half-past ten o'clock, followed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck; while among others specially invited to join the royal circle were the Duke of Fife and Princes Francis and Alexander of Teck. The Gentlemen-at-Arms, under Lord Belper, and the Yeomen of the Guard, under Earl Waldegrave, were on duty in the state saloons. Behind



THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL WINDOW
TO BE DEDICATED AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, BRISTOL,
ON APRIL 5.

In the three centre lights are groups illustrating the Ascension, and in the two outer lights are depicted the Nativity and the Resurrection. In the tracery occur the emblems of the four Evangelists. The work, which is by Messrs. Joseph Bell and Sons, Bristol, will be dedicated by Canon Everingham.

the King and Queen were grouped the ladies and gentlemen in attendance, including the Duchess of Buccleuch as Mistress of the Robes, the Earl of Pembroke as Lord Steward, the Duke of Portland as Master of the Horse, General Sir Dighton Probyn, and Sir Francis Knollys—familiar names which leave us still at the beginning of the long list of other officers of their Majesties' Households—Equeires, naval and military Aides-de-camp, Gentlemen-Ushers, Vice-Chamberlains, Masters and Marshals of the Ceremonies, private secretaries, and the rest. The members of the Corps Diplomatique, and other foreigners of distinction, contributed by their exotic uniforms to the brilliant scheme of colour, of which the central beauty was the figure of the Queen, in her dress of cream satin, embroidered in rose point lace. Her diamond crown and her diamond and pearl necklace were conspicuous among the many lovely jewels she wore. Her ribands, too, included the blue one of the Garter. The presentations were made quickly, each lady merely curtseying first to the King and then to the Queen.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN MANCHESTER.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have formally opened in Manchester the new Whitworth Hall, erected at a cost of £50,000, and presented to Owens College by the late Dr. Christie. Their Royal Highnesses arrived in the city from Knowsley, where they paid a brief visit to Lord and Lady Derby, and were escorted by a long

procession through the decorated streets, amid the cheers of enthusiastic spectators. Responding to an address of welcome, the Prince spoke of the important part in educational work taken by the college, and pointed the moral by laying stress on the great things to be achieved by municipal effort—by local patriotism, in a word. A luncheon at the Town Hall was followed by a call at the cathedral, where the Prince had the agreeable duty of unveiling a statue of his grandmother, Queen Victoria, executed by the chisel of his aunt, Princess Louise. Their Royal Highnesses then proceeded to the railway-station on their return to town.

THE EIGHTH NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT.

What the Prime Minister of New Zealand described as "the grandest send-off the Colony had ever seen," took place when, at the beginning of February, the eighth contingent for South Africa left Auckland. Colonials, we are often told, have lost the art of cheering; but that legend would never be credited again by anybody who heard the roars of good-bye which greeted the khaki-clad heroes who embarked on the *Surrey*, or the champion cheers which came back in return. Mr. Seddon, at the farewell banquet to the contingent, made a speech, in which he said it was intended to relieve the sixth and seventh contingents, and bring them home again, but that if more men were required, a ninth contingent and a tenth could go to help to bring the war to a termination. The aquatic display that celebrated the departure of the *Surrey* was the most elaborate that has yet taken place in Auckland Harbour.

BRITISH TREATMENT OF BOER PRISONERS.

Diyatalawa Prison Camp in Ceylon is distant some 156 miles from Colombo. Although discipline is of necessity observed, the prisoners' life can scarcely be called burdensome, and the greater part of the day is given up to recreation. Twice a day, at 6.15 a.m. and 8 p.m., the roll is called, and during the morning rations are issued, each man receiving daily his supply of fresh meat, and in addition 11 oz. of potatoes, 3 oz. of green vegetables, 2 oz. of rice, 2½ oz. of sugar, 5-7 oz. of tea, 1 3-7 oz. of coffee, and ½ oz. of salt. As occasion demands, clothing, shirts, boots, and solar topees are served out. The sick are treated in a first-class hospital, furnished with every comfort, under the care of Dr. T. Garvin. Cleanliness is strictly enforced, and an excellent swimming-bath has been provided for the prisoners. Their games include football, tennis, cricket, croquet, and athletic sports. In the evenings they read and pass the time singing hymns and psalms, with the same gusto as marked these exercises on the veldt. The Sunday services and weekly prayer-meetings are observed without let or hindrance.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

The last Saturday before the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race always brings large numbers of spectators to the banks of the river for the practice of the crews. The Oxonians were early afloat, and in the afternoon decided to use last year's boat in preference to the new one built on the same lines. Mr. Gold, the coach, sent them from Putney Bridge over the whole course about an hour before high water. The result was very creditable; and the same remark was made by those who watched the Cambridge crew at work. Each boat encountered eights of the London Rowing Club waiting to give them a spin, and the University crews in each case took the lead.

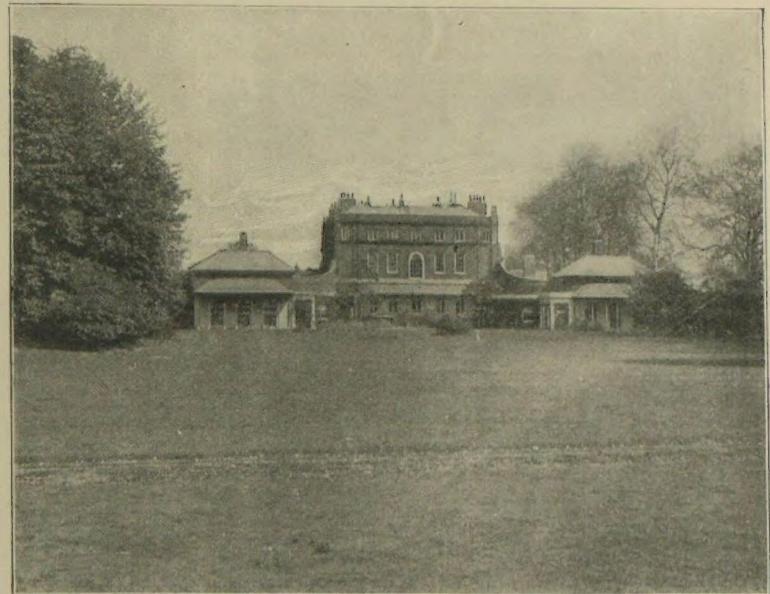
A HORSE-AMBULANCE.

An ambulance for wounded and disabled horses, introduced by Our Dumb Friends' League, has already been used with great success for the removal of injured animals from the streets.

Within the car are padded pillows, which protect a resolute horse from further injury. A sliding bed makes it possible to place a patient unable to walk in the ambulance without unnecessary struggle. The bed is slid within the car by means of a crank. The society hopes by the generous aid of the public to place such a contrivance in every district of the Metropolis.

CANADIAN WATERFALLS.

Besides its share of the world's great waterfall, Niagara, Canada possesses a series of magnificent cataracts. The city of Quebec has its own special waterfall, Montmorency, with a descent of 250 ft. Two hundred miles north of Quebec City are the Ouiatchouan Falls of the Lake of



THE NEW HOME OF THE PHYSICAL LABORATORY: BUSHEY HOUSE, OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, MARCH 19.

St. John District. Their fall of 280 ft. is often broken by projecting rocks, the result being a fine series of cascades. Not far away are the Falls of Chicoutimi, the river of that name descending nearly 500 ft. over a course of eighteen miles, with a final plunge of 45 ft. into the gloomy canyon of Saguenay. The Fraser Falls are near the Murray Bay—a famous summer resort; the Metis Falls are on the Lower St. Lawrence, and the Chaudière Falls descend 50 ft. where the Ottawa River runs at its narrowest. A very wide sheet, on the other hand, is that of the Kakabeka Falls at the head of Lake Superior; while the Bridal Veil Falls of Kamloops have a special beauty in their mountainous setting.

RUSSIAN SETTLERS IN HANTS.

At Christchurch, Hants, Vladimir Tcherkoff has his headquarters. This Russian "reformer" and friend of Count Tolstoy was formerly an officer of the Imperial Guard, and a favourite at Court of the late Czar. The time came when his sympathies and his association with Tolstoy led him to resign his preferments and to seek means for bettering the condition of the poor and the oppressed. The occasion quickly offered itself when the Russian Government put hard pressure on the large South Russian sect that refused military service on religious grounds. Then Tcherkoff drew up and published an "Appeal for the Doukhobors." He was mainly instrumental in getting them the freedom to emigrate to Canada, but he himself was banished from Russia. In England, Tcherkoff has continued his propaganda, first at a settlement in Essex and now at Christchurch, whence from his own presses he issues thousands of pamphlets and other publications, including books of Tolstoy's, regarded in his own country as contraband.

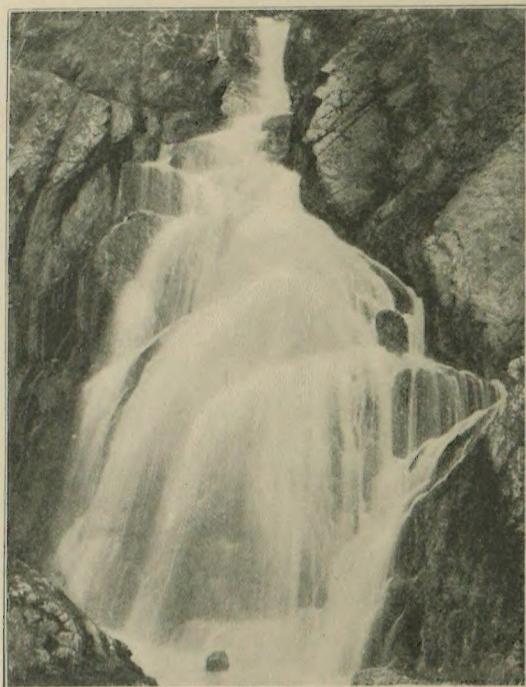
LAWLESSNESS IN IRELAND.

The congratulations offered the other day by Lord Justice Fitzgibbon to the Grand Jury on the absence of crime in County Donegal are not, unfortunately, re-echoed in "congested" and other districts where the old agrarian troubles have broken out in fresh force. Somebody has defined patriotism over the Channel as "Patriotism"; and certain it is that Captain Moonlight and Rory of the Hills are always forthcoming to give practical effect to the resolutions of leagues formed against "land-grabbing" or the payment of rent. So serious in some quarters is the aspect of things that a special Cabinet Council—according to common report—has been called to deal with them. Meanwhile, on the advice of Ministers, the King has decided that his proposed visit to Ireland cannot take place this year.



AN AMBULANCE FOR DISABLED HORSES.

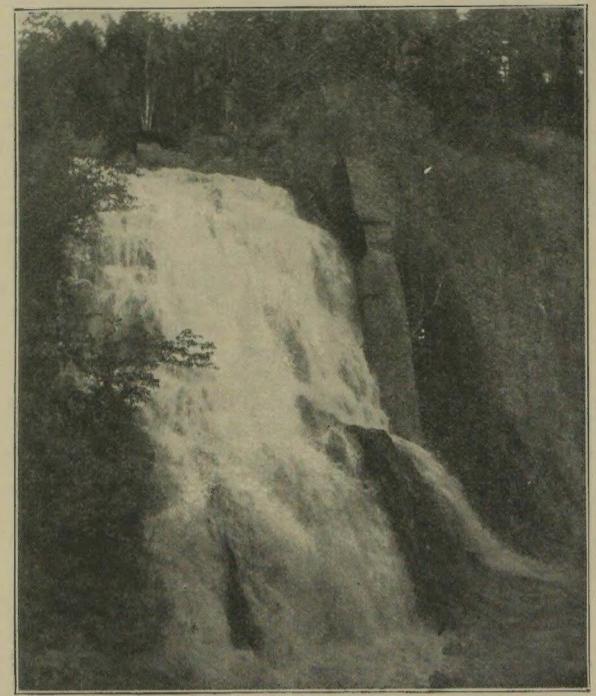
FAMOUS CANADIAN WATERFALLS.



THE BRIDAL VEIL FALL, KAMLOOPS.



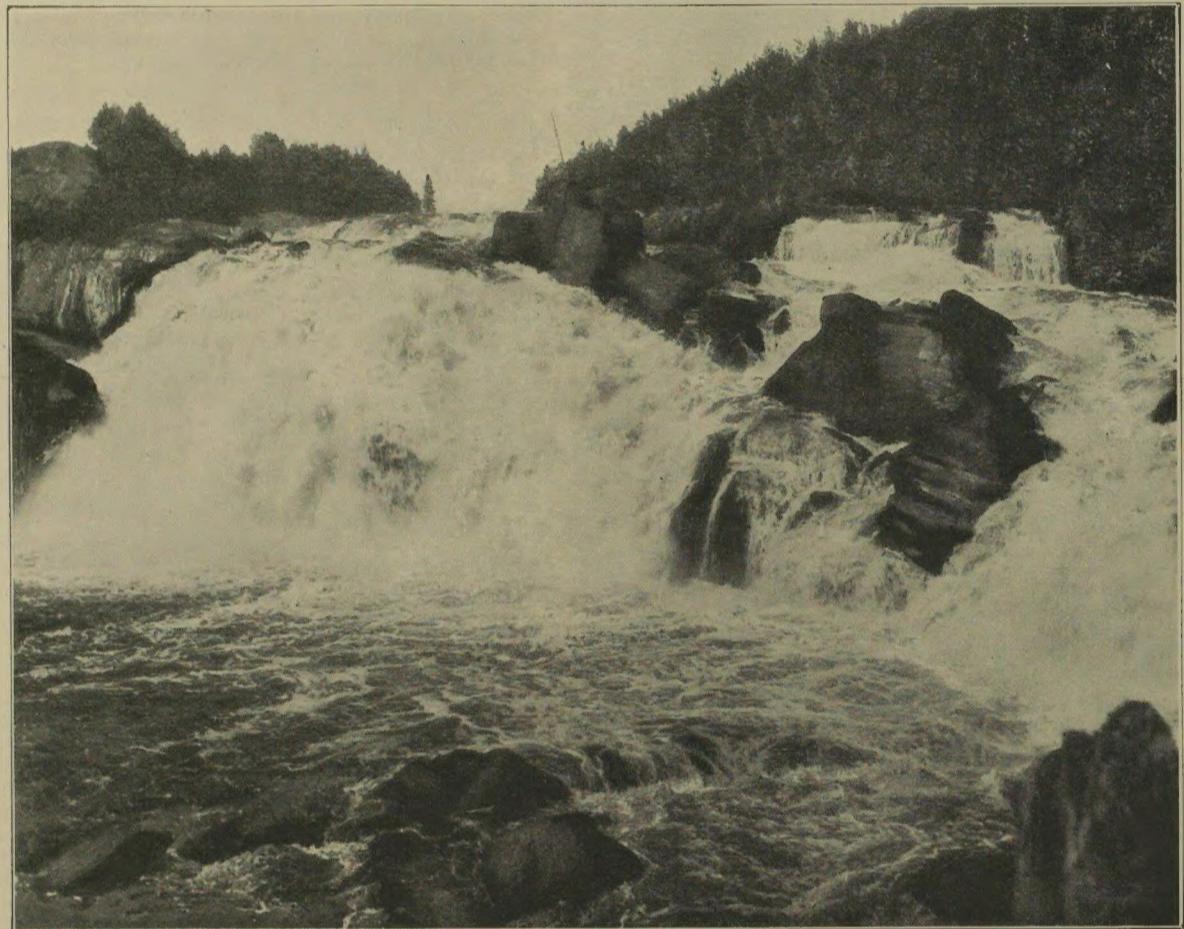
THE METIS FALLS, LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.



THE FRASER FALLS, MURRAY BAY.



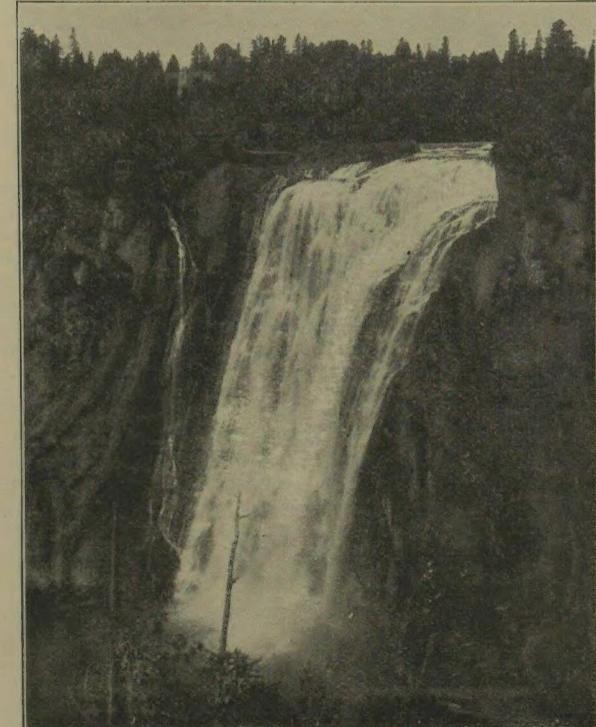
THE OUIATCHOUAN FALLS, SAGUENAY RIVER.



THE CHICOUTIMI FALLS, SAGUENAY RIVER.



THE CHAUDIÈRE FALLS, OTTAWA.



THE MONTMORENCY FALLS.

THE RIDING-WHIP.

By GEORGE GISSING.

*

Illustrated by A. Forestier.

IT was not easy for Mr. Daffy to leave his shop for the whole day, but an urgent affair called him to London, and he breakfasted early in order to catch the 8.30 train. On account of his asthma, he had to allow himself plenty of time for the walk to the station; and all would have been well, but that, just as he was polishing his silk hat and giving final directions to his assistant, in stepped a customer, who came to grumble about the fit of a new coat. Ten good minutes were thus consumed, and with a painful glance at his watch the breathless tailor at length started. The walk was uphill; the sun was already powerful; Mr. Daffy reached the station with dripping forehead and panting as if his sides would burst. There stood the train; he had barely time to take his ticket and to rush across the platform. As a porter slammed the carriage-door behind him, he sank upon the seat in a lamentable condition, gasping, coughing, writhing; his eyes all but started from his head, and his respectable top-hat tumbled to the floor, where unconsciously he gave it a kick. A grotesque and distressing sight.

Only one person beheld it, and this, as it happened, a friend of Mr. Daffy's. In the far corner sat a large,

ruddy-cheeked man, whose eye rested upon the sufferer with a look of greeting disturbed by compassion. Mr. Lott, a timber-merchant of this town, was in every sense of the word a more flourishing man than the asthmatic tailor; his six-feet-something of sound flesh and muscle, his ripe sunburnt complexion, his attitude of euphoric and broad-chested ease, left the other, by contrast, scarce his proverbial fraction of manhood. At a year or two short of fifty, Mr. Daffy began to be old; he was shoulder-bent, knee-shaky, and had a pallid, wrinkled visage, with watery, pathetic eye. At fifty turned, Mr. Lott showed a vigour and a toughness such as few men of any age could rival. For a score of years the measure of Mr. Lott's robust person had been taken by Mr. Daffy's professional tape, and, without intimacy, there existed kindly relations between the two men. Neither had ever been in the other's house, but they had long met, once a week or so, at the Liberal Club, where it was their habit to play together a game of draughts. Occasionally they conversed; but it was a rather one-sided dialogue, for whereas the tailor had a sprightly intelligence and—so far as his breath allowed—a ready

flow of words, the timber-merchant found himself at a disadvantage when mental activity was called for. The best-natured man in the world, Mr. Lott would sit smiling and content, so long as he had only to listen; asked his opinion (on anything but timber), he betrayed by a knitting of the brows, a rolling of the eyes, an inflation of the cheeks, and other signs of discomposure, the serious effort it cost him to shape a thought and to utter it. At times Mr. Daffy got on to the subject of social and political reform, and, after copious exposition, would ask what Mr. Lott thought. He knew the timber-merchant too well to expect an immediate reply. There came a long pause, during which Mr. Lott snorted a little, shuffled in his chair, and stared at vacancy, until at length, with a sudden smile of relief, he exclaimed, "Do you know *my* idea!" And the idea, often rather explosively stated, was generally marked with commonsense of the bull-headed, British kind.

"Bad this morning," remarked Mr. Lott, abruptly but sympathetically, as soon as the writhing tailor could hear him.

"Rather bad—ugh, ugh!—had to run—ugh!—doesn't



He took the silk hat and stroked it for him.

suit me, Mr. Lott," gasped the other, as he took the silk hat which his friend had picked up and stroked for him.

"Hot weather trying."

"I vary so," panted Mr. Daffy, wiping his face with a handkerchief. "Sometimes one thing seems to suit me—ugh, ugh—sometimes another. Going to town, Mr. Lott?"

"Yes."

The blunt affirmative was accompanied by a singular grimace, such as might have been caused by the swallowing of something very unpleasant; and thereupon followed a silence which allowed Mr. Daffy to recover himself. He sat with eyes half-closed and head bent, leaning back.

They had a general acquaintance with each other's domestic affairs. Both were widowers; both lived alone. Mr. Daffy's son was married, and dwelt in London; the same formula applied to Mr. Lott's daughter. And, as it happened, the marriages had both been a subject of parental dissatisfaction. Very rarely had Mr. Lott let fall a word with regard to his daughter, Mrs. Bowles, but the townsfolk were well aware that he thought his son-in-law a fool, if not worse; Mrs. Bowles, in the seven years since her wedding, had only two or three times revisited her father's house, and her husband never came. A like reticence was maintained by Mr. Daffy concerning his son, Charles Edward, once the hope of his life. At school the lad had promised well; tailoring could not be thought of for him; he went into a solicitor's office, and remained there just long enough to assure himself that he had no turn for the law. From that day he was nothing but an expense and an anxiety to his father, until—now a couple of years ago—he announced his establishment in a prosperous business in London, of which Mr. Daffy knew nothing more than that it was connected with colonial enterprise. Since that date Charles Edward had made no report of himself, and his father had ceased to write letters which received no reply.

Presently, Mr. Lott moved so as to come nearer to his travelling companion, and said in a muttering, shame-faced way—

"Have you heard any talk about my daughter lately?"

Mr. Daffy showed embarrassment.

"Well, Mr. Lott, I'm sorry to say I have heard something—"

"Who from?"

"Well—it was a friend of mine—perhaps I won't mention the name—who came and told me something—something that quite upset me. That's what I'm going to town about, Mr. Lott. I'm—well, the fact is, I was going to call upon Mr. Bowles."

"Oh, you were!" exclaimed the timber-merchant, with gruffness, which referred not to his friend but to his son-in-law. "I don't particularly want to see *him*, but I had thought of seeing my daughter. You wouldn't mind saying whether it was John Roper—?"

"Yes, it was."

"Then we've both heard the same story, no doubt."

Mr. Lott leaned back and stared out of the window. He kept thrusting out his lips and drawing them in again, at the same time wrinkling his forehead into the frown which signified that he was trying to shape a thought.

"Mr. Lott," resumed the tailor, with a gravely troubled look, "may I ask if John Roper made any mention of my son?"

The timber-merchant glared, and Mr. Daffy, interpreting the look as one of anger, trembled under it.

"I feel ashamed and miserable!" burst from his lips.

"It's not your fault, Mr. Daffy," interrupted the other in a good-natured growl. "You're not responsible, no more than for any stranger."

"That's just what I can't feel," exclaimed the tailor, nervously slapping his knee. "Anyway, it would be a disgrace to a man to have a son a bookmaker—a blackguard bookmaker. That's bad enough. But when it comes to robbing and ruining the friends of your own family—why, I never heard a more disgraceful thing in my life. How I'm going to stand in my shop, and hold up my head before my customers, I—do—not—know. Of course, it'll be the talk of the town; we know what the Ropers are when they get hold of anything. It'll drive me off my head, Mr. Lott, I'm sure it will."

The timber-merchant stretched out a great hand, and laid it gently on the excited man's shoulder.

"Don't worry; that never did any good yet. We've got to find out, first of all, how much of Roper's story is true. What did he tell you?"

"He said that Mr. Bowles had been going down the hill for a year or more—that his business was neglected, that he spent his time at racecourses and in public-houses—and that the cause of it all was my son. *My son?* What had my son to do with it? Why, didn't I know that Charles was a racing and betting man, and a notorious bookmaker? You can imagine what sort of a feeling that gave me. Roper couldn't believe it was the first I had heard of it; he said lots of people in the town knew how Charles was living. Did you know, Mr. Lott?"

"Not I; I'm not much in the way of gossip."

"Well, there's what Roper said. It was last night, and what with that and my cough, I didn't get a wink of sleep after it. About three o'clock this morning I made up my mind to go to London at once and see Mr. Bowles. If it's true that he's been robbed and ruined by Charles, I've only one thing to do—my duty's plain enough. I shall ask him how much money Charles has had of him, and, if my means are equal to it, I shall pay every penny back—every penny."

Mr. Lott's countenance waxed so grim that one would have thought him about to break into wrath against the speaker. But it was merely his way of disguising a pleasant emotion.

"I don't think most men would see it in that way," he remarked gruffly.

"Whether they would or not," exclaimed Mr. Daffy, panting and wriggling, "it's as plain as plain could be that there's no other course for a man who respects himself. I couldn't live a day with such a burden as that on my mind. A bookmaker! A blackguard lookmaker! To think my son should come to that! You know very well, Mr. Lott, that there's nothing I hate and despise more than horse-racing. We've often talked about it, and the harm it does, and the sin and shame it is that such doings should be permitted—haven't we?"

"Course we have, course we have," returned the other, with a nod. But he was absorbed in his own reflections, and gave only half an ear to the gasping vehemences which Mr. Daffy poured forth for the next ten minutes. There followed a short silence, then the strong man shook himself and opened his lips.

"Do you know my idea?" he blurted out.

"What's that, Mr. Lott?"

"If I were you, I wouldn't go to see Bowles. Better for me to do that. We've only gossip to go upon, and we know what that often amounts to. Leave Bowles to me, and go and see your son."

"But I don't even know where he's living."

"You don't? That's awkward. Well then, come along with me to Bowles's place of business; as likely as not, if we find him he'll be able to give you your son's address. What do you say to my idea, Mr. Daffy?"

The tailor assented to this arrangement, on condition that, if things were found to be as he had heard, he should be left free to obey his conscience. The stopping of the train at an intermediate station, where new passengers entered, put an end to the confidential talk. Mr. Daffy, breathing hard, struggled with his painful thoughts; the timber-merchant, deeply meditative, let his eyes wander about the carriage. As they drew near to the London terminus, Mr. Lott bent forward to his friend.

"I wan't to buy a present for my eldest nephew," he remarked, "but I can't for the life of me think what it had better be."

"Perhaps you'll see something in a shop-window," suggested Mr. Daffy.

"Maybe I shall."

They alighted at Liverpool Street. Mr. Lott hailed a hansom, and they were driven to a street in Southwark, where, at the entrance of a building divided into offices, one perceived the name of Bowles and Perkins. This firm was on the fifth floor, and Mr. Daffy eyed the staircase with misgiving.

"No need for you to go up," said his companion. "Wait here, and I'll see if I can get the address."

Mr. Lott was absent for only a few minutes. He came down again with his lips hard set, knocking each step sharply with his walking-stick.

"I've got it," he said, and named a southern suburb.

"Have you seen Mr. Bowles?"

"No; he's out of town," was the reply. "Saw his partner."

They walked side by side for a short way, then Mr. Lott stopped.

"Do you know my idea? It's a little after eleven. I'm going to see my daughter, and I dare say I shall catch the 3.49 home from Liverpool Street. Suppose we take our chance of meeting there?"

Thus it was agreed. Mr. Daffy turned in the direction of his son's abode; the timber-merchant went northward, and presently reached Finsbury Park, where, in a house of unpretentious but decent appearance, dwelt Mr. Bowles. The servant who answered the door wore a strange look, as if something had alarmed her; she professed not to know whether anyone was at home, and, on going to inquire, shut the door in the visitor's face. A few minutes elapsed before Mr. Lott was admitted. The hall struck him as rather bare; and at the entrance of the drawing-room he stopped in astonishment, for, excepting the window-curtains and a few ornaments, the room was quite unfurnished. At the far end stood a young woman, her hands behind her, and her head bent—an attitude indicative of distress or shame.

"Are you moving, Jane?" inquired Mr. Lott, eyeing her curiously.

His daughter looked at him. She had a comely face, with no little of the paternal character stamped upon it; her knitted brows and sullen eyes bespoke a perturbed humour, and her voice was only just audible.

"Yes, we are moving, father."

Mr. Lott's heavy footfall crossed the floor. He planted himself before her, his hands resting on his stick.

"What's the matter, Jane? Where's Bowles?"

"He left town yesterday. He'll be back to-morrow, I think."

"You've had the brokers in the house—isn't that it, eh?"

Mrs. Bowles made no answer, but her head sank again, and a trembling of her shoulders betrayed the emotion with which she strove. Knowing that Jane would tell of her misfortunes only when and how she chose, the father turned away and stood for a minute or two at the window; then he asked abruptly whether there was not such a thing as a chair in the house. Mrs. Bowles, who had been on the point of speaking, bade him come to another room. It was the dining-room, but all the appropriate furniture had vanished: a couple of bed-room chairs and a deal table served for present necessities. Here, when they had both sat down, Mrs. Bowles found courage to break the silence.

"Arthur doesn't know of it. He went away yesterday morning, and the men came in the afternoon. He had a promise—a distinct promise—that this shouldn't be done before the end of the month. By then, he hoped to have money."

"Who's the creditor?" inquired Mr. Lott, with a searching look at her face.

Mrs. Bowles was mute, her eyes cast down.

"Is it Charles Daffy?"

Still his daughter kept silence.

"I thought so," said the timber-merchant, and clumped on the floor with his stick. "You'd better tell me all about it, Jane. I know something already. Better let us talk it over, my girl, and see what can be done."

He waited a moment. Then his daughter tried to speak, with difficulty overcome a sob, and at length began her story. She would not blame her husband. He had been unlucky in speculations, and was driven to a money-lender—his acquaintance, Charles Daffy. This man, a heartless rascal, had multiplied charges and interest on the small sum originally borrowed, until it became a crushing debt. He held a bill of sale on most of their furniture, and yesterday, as if he knew of Bowles's absence, had made the seizure; he was within his legal rights, but had led the debtor to suppose that he would not exercise them. Thus far did Jane relate, in a hard, matter-of-fact voice, but with many nervous movements. Her father listened in grim silence, and, when she ceased, appeared to reflect.

"That's *your* story!" he said of a sudden. "Now, what about the horse-racing?"

"I know nothing of horse-racing," was the cold reply.

"Bowles keeps all that to himself, does he? We'd better have our talk out, Jane, now that we've begun. Better tell me all you know, my girl."

Again there was a long pause; but Mr. Lott had patience, and his dogged persistency at length overcame the wife's pride. Yes, it was true that Bowles had lost money at races; he had been guilty of much selfish folly; but the ruin it had brought upon him would serve as a lesson. He was a wretched and a penitent man; a few days ago he had confessed everything to his wife, and besought her to pardon him; at present he was making desperate efforts to recover an honest footing. The business might still be carried on if someone could be induced to put a little capital into it; with that in view, Bowles had gone to see certain relatives of his in the North. If his hope failed, she did not know what was before them; they had nothing left now but their clothing and the furniture of one or two rooms.

"Would you like to come back home for a while?" asked Mr. Lott abruptly.

"No, father," was the not less abrupt reply. "I couldn't do that."

"I'll give no money to Bowles."

"He has never asked you, and never will."

Mr. Lott glared and glowered, but, with all that, had something in his face which hinted softness. The dialogue did not continue much longer; it ended with a promise from Mrs. Bowles to let her father know whether her husband succeeded or not in re-establishing himself. Thereupon they shook hands without a word, and Mr. Lott left the house. He returned to the City, and, it being now nearly two o'clock, made a hearty meal. When he was in the street again, he remembered the birthday present he wished to buy for his nephew, and for half-an-hour he rammed vaguely, staring into shop-windows. At length something caught his eye; it was a row of riding-whips, mounted in silver; just the thing, he said to himself, to please a lad who would perhaps ride to hounds next winter. He stepped in, chose carefully, and made the purchase. Then, having nothing left to do, he walked at a leisurely pace towards the railway station.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE AMENITIES OF EXILE: BOER PRISONERS AT DIYATALAWA CAMP, CEYLON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT W. MORRIS, DIYATALAWA.



PRISONERS AT PLAY: A TUG-OF-WAR.



THE PRISONERS' NEW YEAR SPORTS: THE THREE-LEGGED RACE.



THE CAMP POST OFFICE: ARRIVAL OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MAIL.



NATURAL BEAUTIES NEAR DIYATALAWA CAMP.



THE PRISONERS' DRAMATIC CLUB.



A PRISONERS' BATHING PARTY.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER, MARCH 12.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BANKS, EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE SPECIFIED.



1. OWENS COLLEGE: THE NEW WHITWORTH HALL.

2. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS IN PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER,
ON THEIR WAY TO OWENS COLLEGE.

3. THE PRINCE DELIVERING THE

OPENING SPEECH IN WHIT-
WORTH HALL.

4. A GLIMPSE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT OWENS

COLLEGE.—[Photo. Warwick Brookes.]

5. THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW WHITWORTH HALL.

CORONATIONS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.—No. X.: EDWARD III.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE CEREMONY AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, CANDLEMAS DAY, 1327.

CORONATIONS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.—No. XI.: HENRY V.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



THE CHAMPION AT THE CORONATION BANQUET IN WESTMINSTER HALL, PASSION SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 1413.

DISCIPLES OF TOLSTOY: THE COLONY OF RUSSIAN EXILES AT CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. THIFLE.



THE MANAGER OF THE COLONY AND HIS FAMILY.



AT WORK IN THE GARDEN.



THE COMPOSING-ROOM.



TOLSTOY AND VLADIMIR TCHERKOFF,
LEADER OF THE COLONY.



THE SICK-ROOM.



PRINTING PAMPHLETS FOR CIRCULATION IN RUSSIA.



A PATRIARCHAL MEAL: AN EXILED FAMILY AND SERVANTS AT DINNER.

DEPARTURE OF THE 8TH NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT FROM AUCKLAND FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. R. MANN



MAJOR-GENERAL BABINGTON BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE CONTINGENT, FEBRUARY 1.

THE MAYOR OF AUCKLAND ADDRESSING THE MEN.

THE TRANSPORT "SURREY" CASTING OFF FROM AUCKLAND WHARF.

THE CONTINGENT PASSING FROM SHORTLAND STREET INTO QUEEN STREET
AFTER LEAVING GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

MR. SFEDDON MAKING HIS FINAL SPEECH
TO THE CONTINGENT.

THE PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE ON THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR, MARCH 17.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.





THE FIRST COURT OF KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA: THE SCENE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, MARCH 14.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- Froissart's Modern Chronicles.* Told and Pictured by F. Carruthers Gould. (London: Fisher Unwin, 18. 6d.)
Mating of a Dove. By Mary E. Mann. (London: Fisher Unwin, 6s.)
A Prophet of the Real. By Esther Miller. (London: Heinemann, 6s.)
Donegal Fairy Stories. By Seumas MacManus. (London: Ishber, 5s.)
The Life and Letters of John Richard Green. Edited by Leslie Stephen. (London: Macmillan, 15s.)
If the Court of the Amir: A Narrative. By John Alfred Gray, M.B. (London: Macmillan, 6s.)
Napoleon's Campaign in Poland, 1806-1807. By F. Lorraine Petre. (London: Sampson Low, 10s. 6d.)
Giotto. By F. Mason Perkins. (London: George Bell, 5s.)

It was a daring experiment for even so approved a humorist as Mr. F. C. Gould to attempt the task of setting forth the political history of the last twenty years after the manner of Froissart. For the sham archaic is a deadly pitfall, luring to certain and easy destruction such parodists as have not thoroughly mastered their original. But the writer of "Froissart's Modern Chronicles" has come through the ordeal with safety and credit. As a humorous short history of our own times, it may very well form a pendant to the serious pages of Mr. Justin McCarthy, to whose work, however, it will not be necessary to refer in order



SIR JOSÉPH DE BIRMINGHAM WRITETH
A DISPATCH TO OOM PAUL.

Reproduced from "Froissart's Modern Chronicles,"
by permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

to separate between the fact and fiction of our new Froissart. For Mr. Gould, out of his profound sense of the historian's duty, indites a prefatory note assuring us that the story of Sir Joseph de Birmingham's vigil of penance and renunciation in the chapel at Hatfield, clad only in his smock (grudgingly left him by my Lord of Salisbury, who would have had him wholly denuded), has no sure foundation. Be this as it may, the tales of that worthy knight, his friends, and enemies make marvellous good reading, and his portraits, though alleged to be taken from ancient MSS., are undeniable F.C.G. How de Birmingham trafficked with Oom Paul, Sir Cecil de Kimberley, Leander Jimson, and other puissant champions, and the struggles of Sir Gladstone le Grand, the Earl of Durdans, Sir Cawmell de Bannerman, Sir Arthur de Balfour, and the rest, compose a tale of matchless entertainment. The national rejoicings over Mafeking afford the author an opportunity which he has improved with pen and pencil. "These things," he says, "were very pleasing to the English at home; and they had great joy, and tickled each other's noses with peacocks' feathers in the streets of London." In a second edition our chronicler will doubtless correct the statement that Queen Victoria died on the morning (*sic*) of Jan. 22. It is a little difficult, also, to understand why Sir Joseph, a simple knight, should sometimes wear the Cap of Estate, the prerogative of nobility. But this may be an omen.

Miss Mann is apparently bent on making an exhaustive study of mothers: we meet with three in "The Mating of a Dove," and as all are widows, and more or less impudent, we take it that the material at her disposal is by no means worked out. We are glad to arrive at this conclusion, because it mitigates a little the painful effect produced by the perusal of these pages. The lot of the mother may be arduous, but "Some profit yet survives of all her pangs and tears," and we hope that Miss Mann may one day be moved to portray the more joyous aspect of her subject. Miss Mann has the quick, impressionable mind of the artist, and her observations are in the main surprisingly acute; we cannot say accurate, because of the proneness to exaggerate, which mars much of her writing, and converts what is meant for light and airy humour into sheer burlesque. This is a pity, because some of her work is very good indeed, as, for instance, her study of the unfortunate Amy, who was always *gauche* and at her worst in company. The middle-aged country doctor is finely drawn, although we cannot but be sorry when he, too, capitulates to the charms of the beautiful, heartless heroine. The Doctor had previously been engaged to Amy, who, taking time by the forelock, had tethered a very undesirable pet goat in the middle of his lawn. Her act, when she heard of her lover's desertion, was simple and direct, typical of her whole character: she removed the goat, and retired from the field. Truly, a woman among ten thousand! And the doctor had the grace to feel that he had lost something after all.

The author of "A Prophet of the Real" may claim the credit of having conceived a fairly novel plot for her book—somewhat sensational in its development,

it is true, but forcible enough to claim the reader's undivided attention for a couple of hours at least. The first half of the story is the best, for Miss Esther Miller missed a fine opportunity, from a psychological point of view, when she let slip, or rather mis-used, the possibilities bound up in her heroine's state of health. Here, laid ready to her hand, was the natural magic which might of itself have brought about the desirable consummation, only arrived at after a chaos of misunderstandings. The red-haired lady, plump and white-skinned, is quite too stagey to pass muster: a wife in other matters so astute as was Alice Verschoyle could never have regarded her as a serious rival. Of Anthony Verschoyle many people might like to know more; in particular, how to acquire "the means of a successful modern novelist," which seem in his case to have been large, and to have left little to be desired. He seems to have been really very stupid for so clever a man, and to have made a point of never seeing the things which it would have been to his advantage to see. This method, aggravating to trace in its development, has one merit: when the scales at last fall, there is dazzlement indeed, and the most hardened novel-reader feels a throb of satisfaction.

For telling a certain kind of Irish story, give us Mr. Seumas MacManus. He has sat at the feet of the Sanachy, and heard the "rare old" tales rehashed round the turf fire or at Taig the tailor's on Saturday night; and his books give back the wit, the merriment, the naïveté of a peasantry "the imagination, the poetry, the virtues, the soul of the most miserable of whom," he says enthusiastically, "the wealth of Croesus couldn't purchase." The tales in his "Donegal Fairy Stories" are all of enchantment: of the Cloak of Darkness and the Sword of Light; of the loca that cured all wounds and brought the dead to life; of the mist that swallowed up the Giant of the Great Seas. When Amadan of the Dough fought his great fight with Slat Mor, they "made the hard ground into soft, and the soft into spring-wells; they made the rocks into pebbles, and the pebbles into gravel, and the gravel fell over the country like hailstones; and all the birds of the air from the lower end of the world to the upper end of the world, and all the wild beasts and tame from the four ends of the earth, came flocking to see the fight." A delightful book, appropriately and amusingly illustrated by Verbeek.

Mr. Leslie Stephen's edition of the "Life and Letters of John Richard Green" is not a very masterly performance. That is less his fault, perhaps, than the fault of the letters themselves. They are not very entertaining. To historical experts, doubtless, they will be of great interest, since they are full of information about Green's special pursuit. But for general readers that is just what spoils them. They are too heavy. Others, that are not so heavy, are gossip chronicles of no importance. Not every letter that a man slips into the pillar-box should appear in his published biography. But that is what writers of memoirs never seem to learn. Green's correspondence has nothing of the picturesqueness and fascination of his history. He gives an account, interesting enough in its way, of the famous encounter between Huxley and the Bishop of Oxford. But how much finer and racier was Nestor's description in the *Speaker*! One very pleasant impression we get from the book, and that is a view of the happy relations that existed between Green, Stubbs, and Freeman. It was Freeman's delight to expose with merciless severity the blunders of Kingsley and Froude; and Green's milder nature is always prompting him to cry a halt. It is a great testimony to Green's character that Freeman, who was a terror to most, really admired him. Bishop Stubbs was another staunch friend. When Green was reading Renan once, the Bishop borrowed the book and purposely mislaid it, lest it should do an injury to his friend's beliefs. Altogether, we rise from this volume with a very strong sense



MAFFICKERS (NINETEENTH CENTURY).

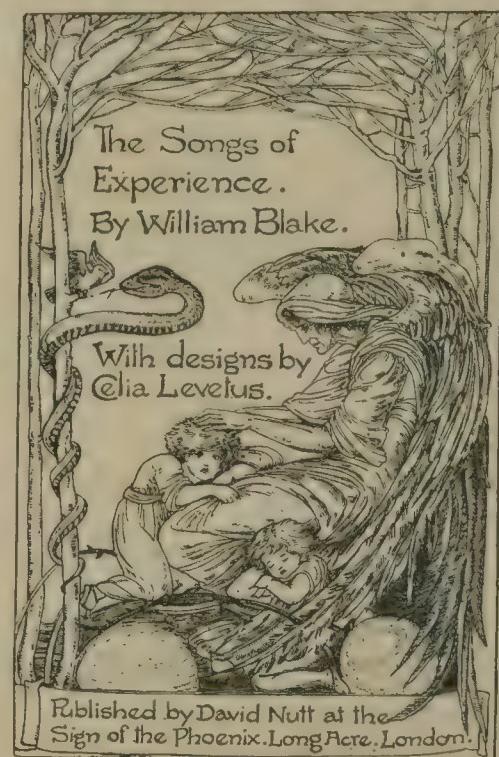
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of Green's unselfishness, and perseverance, and integrity. But no one could call it a book of brilliant qualities.

This is a very opportune moment for a reissue of Dr. Gray's most amusing book on his life in Afghanistan. He was medical attendant to the Amir Abdurrahman from 1889 to 1891, and his experiences of Court life in the East were extensive and peculiar. The Amir seems to have admired him immensely as a painter—a fact which his portrait, reproduced in this volume, quite justifies—but had his suspicions as to European medicine. He was something of a quack doctor himself, and, besides, had fits of confidence in incapable native *hakims*. But Dr. Gray shows us a great Oriental who had many likable qualities. Incidentally he gives really valuable information about the Afghans. His sense of humour is lively and never strained. The preface to the new edition points out that the late monarch fulfilled the decree, as they say in Persian, at a fortunate moment for his country. A few years ago Habibullah had not secured a strong position;

a few years hence Mahomed Omer, the Amir's younger son by a royal wife, would undoubtedly have made a strong bid for the throne. For the moment the succession is undisputed.

Mr. Lorraine Petre, late of the Indian Civil Service, has rendered a distinct service to military history by his account of Napoleon's campaign against Bennigsen in Poland. The Emperor's operations in the years 1806 and 1807 have been somewhat neglected by military writers, probably because they were crowned by no such decisive victory as Austerlitz or Jena. But his strategy and tactics were never more brilliant, as Mr. Petre clearly shows; and a study of his various combinations is therefore of the greatest value to all who have an interest in war. Ample material for such a study is provided by our author. He has carefully consulted forty authorities, besides a vast mass of unpublished documents to which he had access through the



TITLE-PAGE TO THE NEW EDITION OF "THE SONGS OF EXPERIENCE."

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courtesy of the Historical Section of the General Staff of the French Army. Obviously such a wealth of material needed the most careful handling to reduce it into proper form. But Mr. Petre is as remarkable for logical arrangement as he is for erudition. His book is a masterpiece of lucid exposition, so clearly planned and so clearly written that it can be read with pleasure even by those who do not profess to be military experts. Mr. Petre begins with a brief but pregnant description of the state to which Napoleon had reduced Europe when he advanced to meet Russia in Poland. We are shown with what masterly diplomacy he played off Austria against Prussia, having the army of Italy ready in the meanwhile, lest Austria should try to strike him in the flank. Operations subsidiary to the main design, such as the siege of Danzig, are separately described, and their bearing on Napoleon's general plan is very clearly shown. It is by splitting up the campaign into its component parts in this way that Mr. Petre prevents his narrative from becoming involved; and by showing the bearing of the component parts upon the whole he has given his volume a cumulative effect: we follow him step by step with increasing interest as he shows us everything converging to Napoleon's triumph at Tilsit.

In his little volume on Giotto, appearing in the "Great Masters" series, Mr. F. Mason Perkins lays no claim to give more than a general review of Giotto's life and work. To Vasari and his commentators he refers readers in search of "the usual fund of pleasing anecdote" which has gathered about the name of one of the first of Italian painters. One of the first in the order of time, at any rate; one of the first in the sense of one of the greatest, he is accounted by Mr. Mason Perkins, who dates his preface from Siena, and acknowledges indebtedness for much valuable assistance received from Mr. Bernhard Berenson. As is the case of other volumes of this inviting series, the volume gains great interest from the well-chosen illustrations. Nearly forty appear in this Giotto book, beginning with the "Christ Enthroned," treasured in Rome at St. Peter's, and ending with the "Virgin Enthroned" at the Florence Academy. Assisi and Padua yield their riches, including the Poverty, the Chastity, the Obedience, the various episodes in the Life of St. Francis, and the Nativity, the Entombment, and the Resurrection. Mr. Mason Perkins challenges Vasari's statement that Giotto was born in 1276, and with some reason, we think; for Giotto, in that case, must have been only twenty-two when he was entrusted with such an important work, for instance, as the high altar of St. Peter's. Florence was never prouder than she now is of its neighbourhood to the birthplace of the painter; and Milan has the glory of being the city in which he produced his last work before his death in 1337.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE: THE RIVAL CREWS OF 1902.

A. J. Swanzy (Reserve). D. Milburn.
W. A. L. Fletcher (Coach). G. C. Drinkwater. J. G. Milburn. H. W. Adams.



F. O. J. Huntley
(Stroke).

H. J. Hale G. S. MacLagan A. de L. Long.
(President). (Cox.).

J. Younger.

THE OXFORD CREW.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS, OXFORD.

T. Drysdale.

W. Dudley-Ward (Coach).

F. J. Escombe.

J. Edwards-Moss.



W. H. Chapman.

P. H. Thomas.

H. C. S. Wasbrough

(Cox.).

C. W. H. Taylor

(President).

H. B. Grylls.

R. H. Nelson

(Stroke).

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEARN, CAMBRIDGE.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The housing of the poor is a topic which has long appeared in the forefront of the programme of legislators of all shades of political opinion. I notice it figuring in Lord Rosebery's recent statement of the aims of the Liberal party, over the destinies of which his Lordship is anxious to preside. It has cropped up with the persistence of the sea-serpent in many schemes of social reform, but still it lingers with a delay that is vexatious, because everybody recognises that the better housing, not of the poor alone, but of the masses at large, is a matter not only of social science, but of hygiene in general, which very urgently demands attention from every civilised people. The house is the unit of the nation in a structural sense, and it is something more, because, unless the house is adequate for its tenants, healthy, and cleanly, the moral effect is certain to be of singularly disastrous kind.

The old aphorism that one half the world knows not (I would add, and cares not) how the other half lives succinctly expresses the state of public knowledge regarding the housing question. Revelations are made at sanitary congresses which lift a little corner of the veil from a state of matters that can only be regarded as lamentable in the extreme. In Glasgow, for example, some of the lower deeps are typical of what exists in other big cities. A man, his wife, and children inhabit one room in a tenement house. The whole place, despite the inspection of officials, is dirty, filthy, and grimy. The room is let by the proprietor of the rookery, and he receives, say, half-a-crown a week as rent for four walls, a roof, and bare boards. The furniture of the family consists of a rickety chair or two, a bag filled with straw doing duty as a bed, and an "orange-box," bought at the grocer's, which is said to do duty as a table. Statements of this kind were made seriously by those who know at a congress on the housing question held in Glasgow some months ago.

The state of wretchedness, poverty, and misery such things represent would be hard to beat. It involves the crux of the housing problem of the poor. Half-a-crown a week is a high rent for the accommodation thus afforded. The population of the class described are, of course, nomads. In another week the family may have shifted their quarters to another district where the man has obtained work, and the same grim prospect awaits him there. His wages may be ample enough, and his poverty may be due to drunkenness; but I, for one, hold that so long as he is allowed to live under the conditions described, society has no right or title to feel surprised that he has no incentive or aspiration towards better things. He is down in the gutter, and remains there. His surroundings tend to promote vice, immorality, and all the host of unlovely and undesirable things inseparable from his squalid environment. If he had a chance of better surroundings, and if he were compelled by law to keep these surroundings clean, we might reasonably expect an improvement to be wrought out in his social and moral existence.

The great problem, of course, is how best to improve the masses in this respect, and how to avoid the dangers to the rest of the world, which, in the shape of crime and disease, arise from the sordid life of the poor. It is this problem which must sooner or later be attacked both by Government and by municipalities. The practical details of one scheme are at least feasible enough. It is that of building huge "barracks" for the class under discussion. We might be compelled to fall back on the single room for a family, however undesirable that condition might be. But at least it would be a decent room and a cleanly one. It would be furnished with certain bare necessities of existence, even to a bedstead. It might be arranged so as to secure a certain amount of privacy among the members of the family; above all, it would be vigorously inspected by officials, with the view of preventing any insanitary conditions, and with the object of ensuring that cleanliness was at least practised throughout. The rents paid would yield a sufficient return for the municipal capital expended in the erection of the tenements. Even if a loss was sustained, the city would be the gainer in increased health, and in lessened expenditure in checking and treating epidemics of disease.

There is nothing Utopian in such an idea as this. It might or might not prove successful; at the very least, it is worth a trial. The workman, as a rule, will live as near to the scene of his labours as possible, and he will always show a preference for the city where he can be housed at a rate he can afford. Otherwise, if we take him to the suburbs, we must then provide for him plenty of tramway accommodation or railway facilities, so that he may reach his workshop quickly and readily. But these last imply an increased expenditure for fares. Big cities we will always have, tenanted by the masses; therefore, it seems to me, the problem of housing exhibits the providing of accommodation intra-murally as its chief feature.

I fancy one grows somewhat pessimistic as the years pass. The hopeful optimism of youth is mellowed by the recognition of how much remains to be done to make life better, happier, and healthier all round. That which I am considering here is the apparent hopelessness of attempting to raise in the social scale the submerged tenth, whose ways and habits constitute a danger of the nation in a sanitary sense. Still, the battle must be fought and continued. A clean sanitary dwelling may be quickly converted into an abode of dirt and disease by the negligence of its inmates. Here I should look to the strong arm of the law to enforce the performance of the duties the inmates owe to society and to themselves. In an ideal state the units would live decently, because it is right so to exist. Unhappily, we are very far removed as yet from that desirable phase of life, and therefore it is that people must be taught and compelled to do their duty, if necessary, by aid of the law.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

W T PIERCE.—What about this: 1. P to Q 4th (ch), K to Q 4th (best); 2. P to Kt 3rd, and mate follows next move? We hope a better report awaits No. 3.

C CHAMBERS (Biarritz).—Owing to our publishing arrangements, the earliest any answer can be acknowledged is a fortnight after receipt of solution.

M SHAIDA ALI KHAN (Rampur).—Your problem shall be examined.

BANARSI DAS (Moradabad).—Have you succeeded in amending your problem, as we have not yet received the revised version?

C DANBY (Market Harborough).—No. 3019 is quite sound, and you have struck on the key-move, but that does not mean that you have solved the problem.

C BURNETT (Biggleswade).—The problem is quite right, and there is no solution in two moves.

A G STUBBS (Croydon).—The problem shall appear shortly. We will be glad to see the book when it appears.

P H WILLIAMS.—Acceptable, as usual.

L DESANGES.—If Black play 1. Kt to B 6th, there is no mate next move. The position also abounds in duals.

FINELIAS.—Your problem is still defective. 1. Q to K 2nd, Kt to Q 3rd; 2. Q to K 5th (ch), K moves; 3. Q takes P, mate. If P to B 4th, then 2. B to Kt 2nd, etc.

R FORD.—We are sorry we cannot make use of your problem. The construction is much against it.

J MARSDEN.—We share your opinion about the merits of the problem you mention.

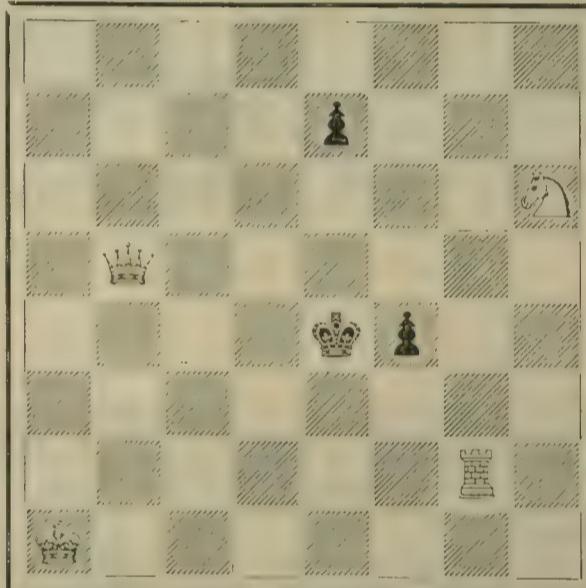
W D'A BARNARD.—If 1. B to K 2nd, K takes Kt (check).

Correct Solution of Problem No. 3008 received from A C M (Valparaíso); of No. 3013 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3014 from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 3015 from T Dell (Callander, Ceylon); Richard Burke (Teldeniya), and Vera Mulligan (Chicago); of No. 3016 from Emile Frau (Lyons) and G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill); of No. 3017 from Raoul Tanbert (Cannes), Edward J Sharpe, S A Mundy (Ivybridge), and Charles Field Junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3018 from G T Hughes (Dublin), Raoul Tanbert, L Gratzschoff (Finland), Emile Frau (Lyons), J D Tucker (Ilkley), G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill), Rev. C R Sowell (St. Austell), Albert Wolff (Putney), and Captain T A Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 3019 from C Chambers (Biarritz), John C Jackson, Albert Wolff, Raoul Tanbert (Cannes), T Roberts, Emile Frau (Lyons), R Andrews (Jersey), W M Eglington (Birmingham), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells); W D'A Barnard (Uppington), John Kelly (Glasgow); H S Brandreth (San Remo), C Emerson Carter (Peebles), J W (Campsie), T Roberts, Alpha, W J Shaw, Alessandra Bolognini (Verona), and T G Ware).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3020 received from Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), Edith Corser (Reigate), T Roberts, Reginald Gordon, T College Halliburton (Jedburgh), R H Andrews (Jersey), F Dalby, Albert Wolff (Putney), J D Tucker (Ilkley), F J S (Hampstead), E J Winter Wood, R Worters (Canterbury), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), W D Easton (Sunderland), Alpha, S Jenkinson, W A Lillieco (Edinburgh), Martin F Shadforth, H S Brandreth, C Emerson Carter (Peebles), Sorrento, Thomas Hanway (Blackheath), and Rev. A May (Bedford).

PROBLEM NO. 3022.—By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3019.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

| | |
|----------------------------|------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to Kt 2nd | K to B 6th |
| 2. Q takes P at B 3rd (ch) | K to Q 6th |
| 3. Kt to B 5th, Mate. | |

If Black play 1. K to K 4th, 2. R to Q 2nd; if 1. P to B 4th, 2. Q to Q 6th (ch); and if 1. P to B 6th, then 2. Q to Q 7th (ch), K to B 5th; 3. R mates.

CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. TEICHMANN and MARSHALL.

(Ruy Lopez.)

| WHITE (Mr. T.) | BLACK (Mr. M.) | WHITE (Mr. T.) | BLACK (Mr. M.) |
|--|-----------------|--|---|
| 1. P to Q B 3rd | Kt to B 3rd | 22. R (Kt 5) to Kt 4 | Kt to B 4th |
| 2. P to Q R 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 23. Q to B 4th | K to Q 2nd |
| 3. B to Kt 5th | P to K 4th | 24. P to Q R 5th | P to K B 4th |
| Apart from its other merits, this game is notable for the adoption of this peculiar defense. | | 25. P takes Kt P | R P takes P |
| 4. Kt to Q B 3rd | Kt to B 3rd | 26. P to K B 3rd | P takes P |
| 5. P to Q 3rd | B to Kt 5th | 27. P takes P | R to B 7th |
| 6. Castles | B takes Kt | 28. Kt takes P (ch) | |
| 7. P takes B | P takes P | White's sacrifice is not so good as it looks. He pays too much for the Queen. | |
| 8. P takes P | P to Q 3rd | 29. R takes P | Q takes P |
| 9. Q to Q 3rd | B to Q 2nd | 30. R to Kt 7th (ch) | Q takes R |
| 10. R to Kt sq | Kt to Q R 4th | 31. R takes Q (ch) | Kt takes R |
| 11. B takes B (ch) | Q takes B | 32. Q to K 4th | Kt to B 4th |
| 12. B to Kt 5th | Q to B 3rd | 13. It is doubtful policy to open the file for player of Black's attacking proclivities. | The Knights and Rooks are well posted for defence and attack, and there is nothing to be done against them. The finish is good. |
| 13. B to Kt 5th | P takes B | 14. P takes B | White's sacrifice is not so good as it looks. He pays too much for the Queen. |
| 14. Kt to R 4th | Castles Q R | 15. Q to R 6th | K to B 8th (ch) |
| 15. Kt to B 5th | R to Q 2nd | 16. K to Kt 2nd | R (Bsq) to B 7th (ch) |
| 16. Kt to K 3rd | R to Kt sq | 17. R to Kt 3rd | |
| 17. R to Kt 5th | P to Kt 3rd | 18. R to Kt 2 | |
| 18. K R to Kt sq | R (Q 2) to Kt 2 | 19. R to Kt 3rd | Kt to B 2nd |
| 19. P to Kt 3rd | Kt to B 2nd | 20. Kt to Q 5th | R to K B sq |
| 21. P to Q 4th | R (Kt 2) to B 2 | 22. R to Kt 7th (ch) | |

White resigns.

The Monte Carlo Tournament has concluded with the following result: Maroczy, 1; Pillsbury, 2; Janowski, 3; Teichmann, 4. The fifth, sixth, and seventh prizes were divided between Messrs. Schlechter, Wal, and Farash. The success of the Hungarian master was well deserved, as his play throughout was of a sterling character; but the American champion pressed him very strongly, and with a little luck would have certainly tied for the place of honour, if not actually winning outright. There were a few new reputations made, and some old ones lost, and at present England seems to be without any claimant to the foremost places in master play.

NOTE.
It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

THE WORLD'S LOVE-STORIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Cheap cynicism is almost as dangerous to the person who uses it as a cheap pistol; and the misogynist and misanthrope are both habitual offenders in that respect. Nevertheless, they have some show of reason on their side when expressing their surprise at the large crowds drawn nightly to the St. James's Theatre by "such a threadbare, hackneyed love-story as that of 'Paolo and Francesca'"—the designation, as the reader will perceive, is not mine. They could probably understand the attraction if the action were laid in our time. They could imagine an elderly Duke surprising his Duchess reading a well-thumbed copy of "The Love-Letters of a Violinist" in the penumbra of a window, hand in hand with the Duke's younger brother, and perhaps heir presumptive; though there would probably be no carving-knife at hand, unless the "love-sick" couple had gone straight from the luncheon-table to the recess in question. They could conceive his Grace watching for another opportunity, and finally ending the splendour of his historic house by making a most unsightly and sanguinary mess on the Turkey carpet; after which he would be tried for double murder by his peers, and suspended by his neck, or more likely decapitated, one Monday morning to the tolling of the bell of that nice little church opposite Newgate. That, the cynics think, would be really something out of the common; and a well-constructed stage version of such an episode worthy of the attention bestowed upon it. The conjugal misfortunes of an Italian noble of the fourteenth century and his mode of dealing with the culprits are, however, according to those same cynics, *très vieux jeu*, and they, moreover, contend, and probably not unjustly, that Giovanni Malatesta had no choice in the matter; in other words, that he could do nothing else but kill his brother and his wife, irrespective of their merely suspected or ascertained guilt. They maintain that the story of the Tyrant of Rimini and of his girlish wife was probably one of a hundred, and in no way entitled to distinction in virtue of its extraordinarily poignant or romantic elements, and that if Giovanni Malatesta were to revisit the glimpses of the moon, he would be more surprised than anyone at his action having been "transmuted" into an extraordinary one.

All this and more is probably true. In reality, since the world stood, or since we have had a more or less authentic record of its doings, there has been only one love-episode which was in any way fraught with protracted consequences to the contemporaries thereof. The abduction of Menelaus' wife by Paris brings about a thirty years' war between Greeks and Trojans; but when this war is started, the lovers who are the cause of it play but a very minor rôle in the "Iliad." Nor is this all. In the sequel to the poem—namely, in the "Odyssey"—we find, many years afterwards, the beauteous Helen living peacefully with her husband as if nothing had happened. Transfer that situation to the modern world, and it will be the wonder of wonders if the poet, the playwright, or the novelist does not give us pages upon pages of the erring wife's remorse, of the husband's brooding, of a house over which Fate has cast a shadow. This is sufficient proof that love-episodes less startling than that were not noticed at all.

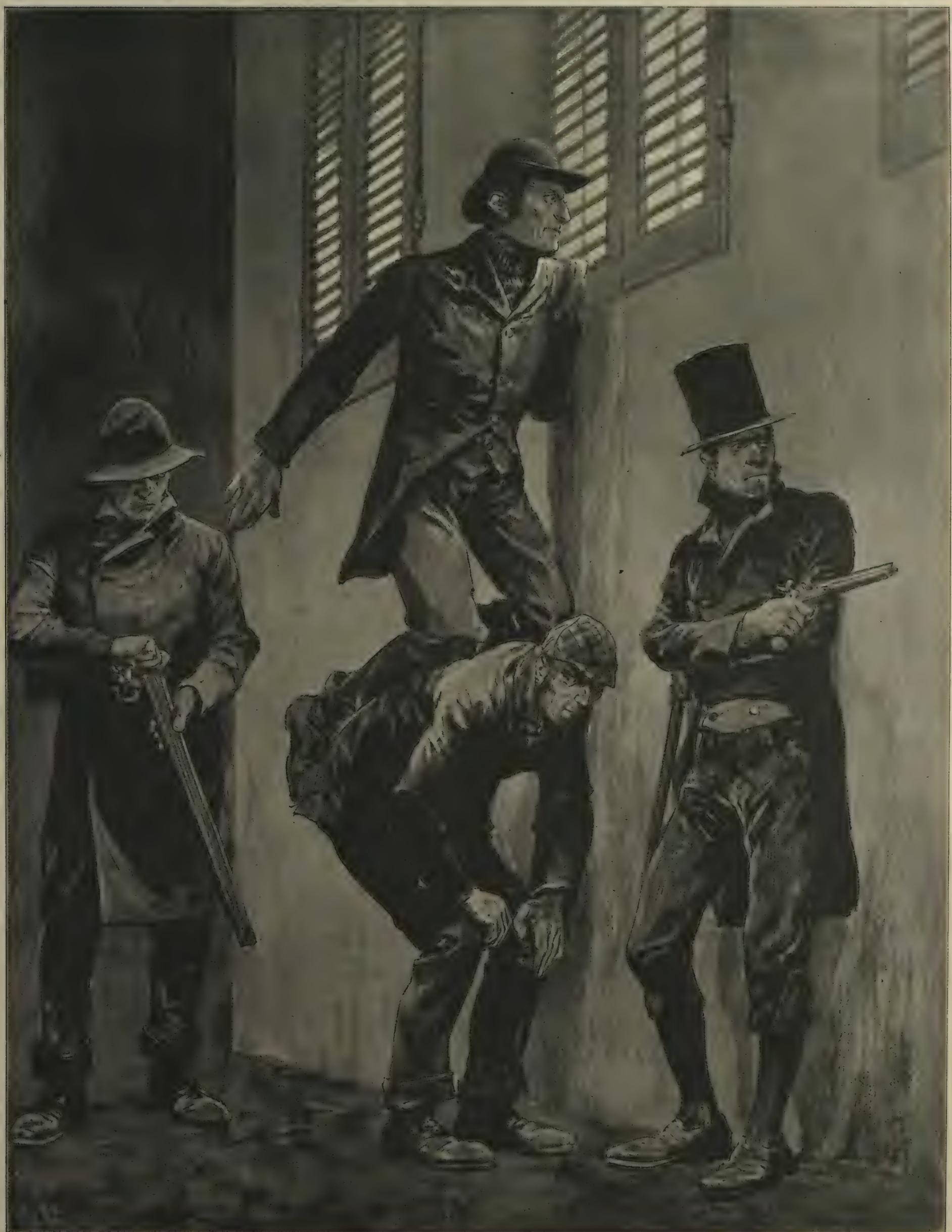
There are, perhaps, another half-a-dozen love-stories of which the world hears continually, although it often does not know which is fiction and which is truth. When the modern excursionist goes to Verona, his guide is sure to take him to the supposed sarcophagus of Juliet; and if the excursionist is accompanied by a sensitive wife, sister, sweetheart, or mother, there will be a great deal of desultory talk about the tragic lot of those two descendants of the Montagues and Capulets, albeit there is not a single proof of their existence as lovers. On the other hand, hundreds of extra-sensitive travellers yearly go to Venice and to Cyprus without bestowing a thought upon the tribulations of Desdemona; yet Othello's wife lived in the flesh, and survived her supposedly murderous husband by many years. In fact, she ended her days peacefully in a convent.

"Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "Francesca da Rimini" practically supply the four themes upon which the love-poets have exercised their skill in word-painting for the last two or three centuries, as far as the lyric and dramatic stage is concerned. The painters have followed suit, and their productions are legion. There is scarcely a capital in Europe which has not its "Francesca" in this or that museum; the most valuable bit of iconography is in our midst at Hertford House. It is the picture that was painted by Ary Scheffer for the grandfather of the present Duc d'Orléans, and sold in 1853 to Count Demidoff, who in his turn sold it in 1870 to Lord Hertford, who left it to Sir Richard Wallace. Scheffer's performance is unquestionably the most valuable production from every point of view, inasmuch as it illustrates the canto of Dante's poem without which the world of our days would know nothing of Giovanni Malatesta or of his two ill-fated victims.

"Poesy is love's apostle and the almoner of God," says James Russell Lowell, and nowhere is the saying so pertinent as in the instance under consideration. Dante Alighieri, Petrarch, and Abelard were mentally, morally, and aesthetically worth each a million of Giovannis, yet who troubles nowadays about the disappointment of the author of the poem of "Africanus"; who knows anything of Laura de Sades, or of Beatrice Portinari, or of Hélène Fulbert? It was because there was no Silvio Pellico to set the ball rolling, and no Stephen Phillips to keep the game up. The most romantic love-story that was ever enacted in daily life differs in its essentials but little from the most prosaic ending before the registrar or the parson, provided the element of jealousy be kept out of it. It is the poet that makes it attractive to us. But for him there would be no love-troubles in real life, for there is little doubt that hyper-romantic young folks are influenced by what they read, and see before the footlights, and allow their imagination too much play, making mountains out of molehills.

THE RENEWED LAWLESSNESS IN IRELAND.

DRAWS BY R. CATON WOODVILLE



MOONLIGHTERS AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

LADIES' PAGE.

I know that a large number of my readers are interested in the work of writing out books for the blind to read by means of Braille type. A few years ago I suggested this as a most desirable work of charity to be undertaken by ladies whose means do not allow them to give money for benevolent purposes; and the response received in consequence by the Society for the Home Teaching of the Blind, 53, Victoria Street, from amidst my readers, was so large and valuable that the committee passed a special vote of thanks to *The Illustrated London News* for the assistance. Knowing thus that many of my readers are interested, I am sure that they will be pleased to hear



CLOTH GOWN TRIMMED WITH SILVER BRAID.

that a Frenchman, Dr. Dussand, has made a most important improvement on the Braille machine. The existing method of writing pricks the characters through the paper, in relief on the reverse, so that before they can be read the paper must be raised from the board. Dr. Dussand has invented a metal band carrying small dice, against which the pricking is done in such a way that the marks rise up on the face of the paper, and can be read immediately by simply lifting up the band, which is hinged so that it cannot be displaced. The advantage of this is greater to the blind person writing by Braille than to those who are copying out for their reading, as the blind can immediately read over what they have written. But to the writer of Braille for others there are also some important improvements: the new instrument is so light and folds up so small that it can be carried in a man's pocket, and the necessity for using a special thick and expensive paper is abrogated. A demonstration was given before the Paris Academy of Medicine recently by two blind girls, who proved that by the aid of the new instrument they could write, and read over what they had written, as fast as many sighted persons can write with the pen and read with the eye.

Another work of charity eminently suitable for the girls who must say "Silver and gold have I none," but who have some leisure, is the visiting of crippled children. There is something strangely tragic about the very words—childhood, that should be so happy and so hopeful, afflicted in ways that both make life a daily pang and raise a black wall of hopelessness in front of the later years. There is probably no town in which the clergy and mission women could not put a willing visitor into communication with such cases. But, if not, there is always the Ragged School Union, which, now that its older work in providing Ragged Schools is taken by the State, turns its attention to other ways of helping the young born into the deepest of poverty. The address of the Union is 32, John Street, W.C., and the arranging for visiting from ladies at the homes of the crippled children is one of its most pleasant tasks. The visitor can, of course, give great pleasure by little gifts from time to time, but what is most wanted is the personal sympathy and the amusement that she takes. She can teach the little prisoner

to knit or sew or do some light fancy work; if the teaching of some Kindergarten employments can be learned from a friend, that is both useful and good pastime for the afflicted child; the bright ones love to learn to read and cipher, and advice and assistance in various ways can be rendered, doing a work of great mercy at little pecuniary-cost to "one of these little ones." The School Board has lately taken up the work of educating some of these children, engaging an ambulance to take them to a cripples' class and giving them a light meal; but there are still hundreds waiting for somebody to take them individually into care and pity.

The religious ideal expressed in our marriage service is set aside in our laws about the property of a married couple. "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," the bridegroom is taught by the Church solemnly to promise, but the law says it is all humbug—every atom of his worldly goods remains legally his own. A wife may not even (with the law's consent) by her thrift and industry make a little purse for her own future use out of the money allowed her for housekeeping—it is merely entrusted to her for a certain purpose, and is still all the husband's money, so much so that he can reclaim any of it that she may have saved if he gets to know of its existence. There was an amusing and forcible illustration of this great truth in our Law Courts the other day. A lady had had her photograph taken together with her two children; her husband (for his own doubtless good reasons) objected to this photograph being shown in the photographer's window. Now, it is established that the copyright in a photograph rests with the person who pays for its execution. The question, therefore, was whether this married lady had paid for that photograph being taken with her own money or not. The Judge of the High Court of Chancery held that a wife who does not earn anything outside the home can have no money of her very own. "As the photographs were paid for out of the wife's housekeeping money," his Lordship said, "he held that the contract to pay for them was made by her on behalf of her husband, and not on her own behalf; that the photographs belonged to the husband; and that the photographer must pay the costs, and refrain from making further use of the negative." But the same law that says that a married woman does not own any of even her own allowance, and must not put aside anything that she can out of it for her own old age, allows her husband, if he likes, to bequeath every penny of his money from her at the end of her life of wifely duty. It does not strike me as quite fair! The French law is not so harsh; a wife and children can claim a portion there, and so, I believe, they can in Scotland. Of course, we all know that every right-thinking man does provide for his family, and that many pinch and exert themselves through long years in order to be able to do so. But laws would not be required if all people were right-thinking.

Skirts are strapped and banded so much sometimes that the original ground can be scarcely discerned. A black glace, for instance, has line after line of cloth running round it from the foot right up to the hips, stitched on by one edge only; each row of this trimming is a trifle narrower than the one beneath, and all are bound with black satin. The labour in this plainly implies time and cost. Other skirts are braided most elaborately; black-and-gold braid seems very popular, but the craze for gold is somewhat diminishing in more *royant* forms of application. Strappings of glace on cloth are equally well worn with, the opposite condition of affairs, but the cloth decoration on the silk is the newer device. Downways tuckings and pleatings at the waist to give the indispensable degree of fullness combined with as much closeness of "set" as possible, are in favour too. But amid the excess of decoration often employed, the plain skirt just finished round the feet with a row or two of stitching holds its own, and in firm materials really looks as nice as anything. The spring zibeline cloths that are so popular, with their intermixture of camel's hair, giving them a "surface" as of tiny hairs, look best almost plain. A deep-shaped flounce, if liked, may be headed by a stitched line of glace or a cross-cut strapping of panne, but a zibeline gown

would hardly be improved by much braiding or elaborate strappings. Skirts are neither so long nor so full round the feet as they have been, which is decidedly an improvement in comfort. Some of them are slightly draped to the left hip—a sort of hint of the panier. But this is contradicted by the more frequent use of basques. Little coats in rich brocaded or chené silks with basques behind are being worn with black skirts.

Referring to the silks of ordinary uses, I advise my readers to ask at their shopkeepers' to see the English silks. They are often charming, and they are remarkably cheap. Irish poplin is another material that deserves patriotic remembrance; it is a mixture of silk and wool, and is sure to be much admired when

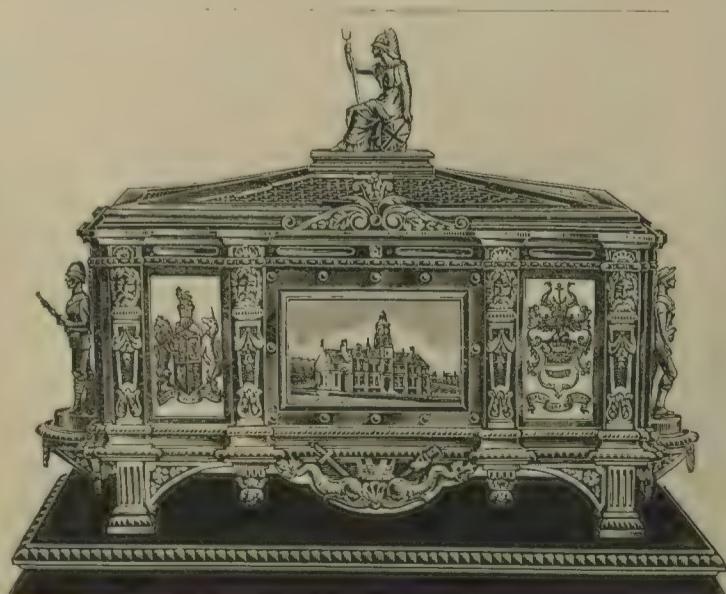


TAILOR-MADE COSTUME IN LIGHT CLOTH.

well made up, as it falls gracefully; it also wears better than pure silk generally. While our modistes rather look down upon goods of home origin, the French designers admire many of our productions exceedingly, and poplin is a special favourite of some great Parisian authorities. A dark blue poplin I have just seen on a friend, who got it the other day in the Rue de la Paix; it is made with a small yoke of Irish crochet, the pattern just brought up by a slight sprinkling of silver

paillettes. A collar is turned down round the shoulders of white satin trimmed closely with lace motifs and edged with a narrow line of the brown fur of the mink. There is a slash at each side of the centre of the pouched bodice of blue poplin, through which a few folds of blue velvet are discerned, a narrow band of the same velvet encircling the waist; the edges of the slashes are defined with very narrow lines, mere threads, so to speak, of mink fur. And the skirt of the blue poplin is quite plain, save for a narrow line of the same fur round it about eight inches from the foot. It is a "most elegant gown," as the countrywomen of the poplin might say.

The first of the smart walking-costumes illustrated on this page is made up in dark cloth, the collar and cuffs being of velvet. The little coat opens over a lace front. The design on the skirt and coat is carried out in dull silver braid, with charming effect. The hat is a round shape of rough straw, trimmed with satin ribbon. The second gown is in light cloth, both skirt and coat being set into box-pleats, held into place by bands of black-and-silver braid, each band ending in a motif also formed of the braid. The vest is of chiffon, while the costume is finished by a dainty lace collar. The hat is a rough straw, trimmed with fancy ribbon —



THE KING'S DEVONPORT CASKET.

His Majesty the King, on his recent visit to Devonport, was presented by the Mayor with a casket containing an address. The casket, which was of richly gilt silver, bore upon its front a view of the Devonport Technical School finely executed in enamels, and on the reverse, also in enamel, was a picture of the Royal Naval College, flanked on either side by panels containing the Royal Arms and the Arms of Devonport in true heraldic colours. At each end was a figure typifying the Naval and Military character of the port. The civic and trading importance of the town was suggested by the sword and mace. The casket was manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd., Silversmiths to H.M. the King, 22, Regent Street, S.W.

Walpole Brothers, Limited, have just received their first delivery of those fashionable coloured linens in all the newest and most delicate tints, that are so delightful for spring and summer costumes and cycle-skirts, as well as for bed-spreads, etc. Patterns will be sent free on application at 89, New Bond Street, W. FIOMENA.

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Puzzle Competition,
The FIRST PRIZE to be a . . .



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BY

Messrs. JOHN BROADWOOD & SONS,

of which an illustration is given here.

Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, Ltd., have kindly consented to allow the Piano to be on view at their Show-rooms at 33, Great Pulteney St., W.



The Broadwood Pianofortes gained the Grand Prix, Paris Exhibition 1900, and are noted for their purity of tone and wearing qualities.

The Competition commences in the March 19 issue of

THE TATLER

and will continue for TEN WEEKS. All conditions as to the award of the prize will be found fully set forth in that Journal.

The Proprietors of THE TATLER also propose to give FOUR CONSOLATION PRIZES, the First of these being a Water-Colour Picture by M. Greiffenhagen, 26 ins. by 21 ins., handsomely framed, value THIRTY Guineas.

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THE NEW UNION CASTLE LINER.

The new Union Castle mail-steamer *Walmer Castle*, now on her maiden trip to South Africa, is the largest vessel of the magnificent fleet which carries the great burden of traffic between Great Britain and the Cape. The *Walmer Castle*, which was built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, is almost twice the size of the *Scot*, and is registered at Lloyd's 100 A. She measures 576 ft. from stem to stern. Her extreme breadth of beam is 64.4 ft., and her gross tonnage is 12,546. The great beam of the vessel has made it possible to enlarge the sleeping-cabins to a very considerable extent, and most of them are double-berthed, and contain many ingenious cupboards and hanging presses. Some of the cabins communicate with one another by sliding doors. There are two rows of state-rooms, and by a clever



THE NEW UNION CASTLE LINER: THE R.M.S. "WALMER CASTLE."

scheme of ventilating and lighting, the inner row enjoys almost as much light as the outer, and, indeed, more so in rough weather when the port-holes have to be closed. The decoration of the new vessel has been carried out from the designs of Mr. William Flockhart, of London. The scheme of the first-class dining-saloon is in white and gold, and in the reading-room inlaid satin-wood has been used with excellent effect. In the smoking-room there is an admirable adaptation of the old Dutch style with tiled pictures on the walls. The *Walmer Castle* accommodates 350 first-class and 190 second-class passengers. There is also room for third-class passengers. To ensure the utmost safety the vessel has been built with a cellular double bottom and many watertight compartments. There is also a sufficient supply of life-boats, fitted with quick-lowering gear, and the twin propellers almost entirely obviate a total disablement of the ship.



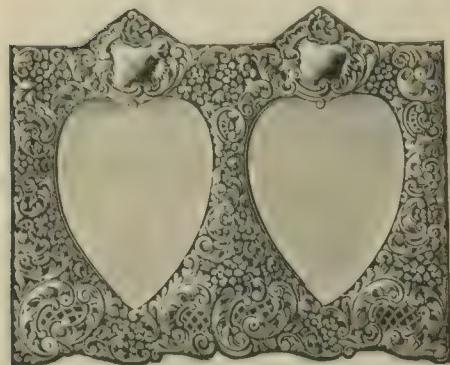
THE FIRST-CLASS SMOKING-ROOM OF THE "WALMER CASTLE."



THE READING-ROOM OF THE "WALMER CASTLE."

THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. LTD.,

SUPPLY THE PUBLIC DIRECT AT MANUFACTURERS' CASH PRICES, SAVING PURCHASERS FROM 25 TO 50 PER CENT.



New Design. Solid Silver Richly Chased and Pierced Double Cabinet Frame, £1 16s.



Solid Silver Plain Pen Wiper, 15s.

AWARDED
1898
GRAND PRIX,
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Six Solid Silver Richly Chased Buttons, in best Morocco Case, 17s.

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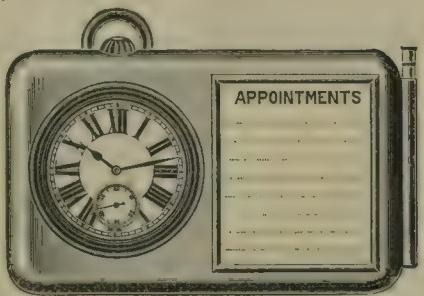
The GOLDSMITHS COMPANY'S SHOW-ROOMS contain a Magnificent Stock of NOVELTIES IN SILVER. Specially suitable for Presents, and every intending Purchaser should inspect this Stock, or write for an Illustrated Catalogue, before deciding elsewhere.

All Goods marked in Plain Figures
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TO
HIS MAJESTY
THE KING.

Plain Solid Silver Concave Flask, £1 5s.



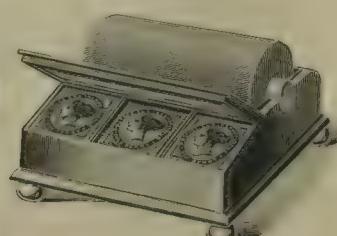
Solid Silver Appointments Frame, for affixing to front of Carriage, complete with 8-day Lever Watch and Silver Pencil, £5.

Goldsmiths Company,
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SELECTIONS FORWARDED
TO THE
COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.
Carriage Paid,
AT THE COMPANY'S RISK.



Solid Silver Box, containing Two Packs of Cards, Book of Rules, Two Scoring Tablets, with Silver Pencils, and Title of Game in Silver Relief on Lid, £3 7s. 6d.



Solid Silver Combination Stamp Box and Damper, £2 7s. 6d.

Goldsmiths Company,
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Lady's Elegantly Chased Solid Silver Card Case, in best Morocco, £1 18s.



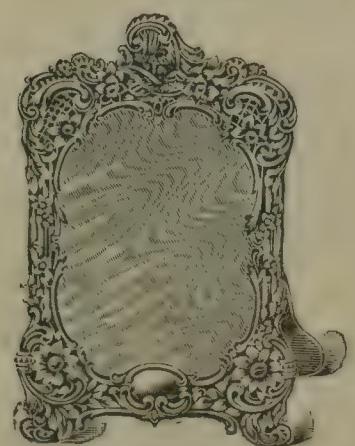
Solid Silver Beautifully Fluted Scent Bottle, in Morocco Case, complete, 12s. 6d.



Six Silver-handled Tea Knives, complete in best Morocco Case, £1.



New Registered Design. Solid Silver Perpetual Calendar, £2 10s.



Solid Silver Richly Chased Cabinet Photograph Frame, £1 4s.

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Anything that made a lather

used to be considered Soap.

Women stood for hours,
over the steaming odours of
poisonous materials &
inhaled bad health.

Sunlight Soap

altered all that!

It raised the tone of Soap-making.

It did away with the toil

which shattered the life of the housewife

It offers a reward of £1,000
for any impurity in its composition



The old way

Sunlight Soap

TO DAY

is, as it always has been.

The best soap

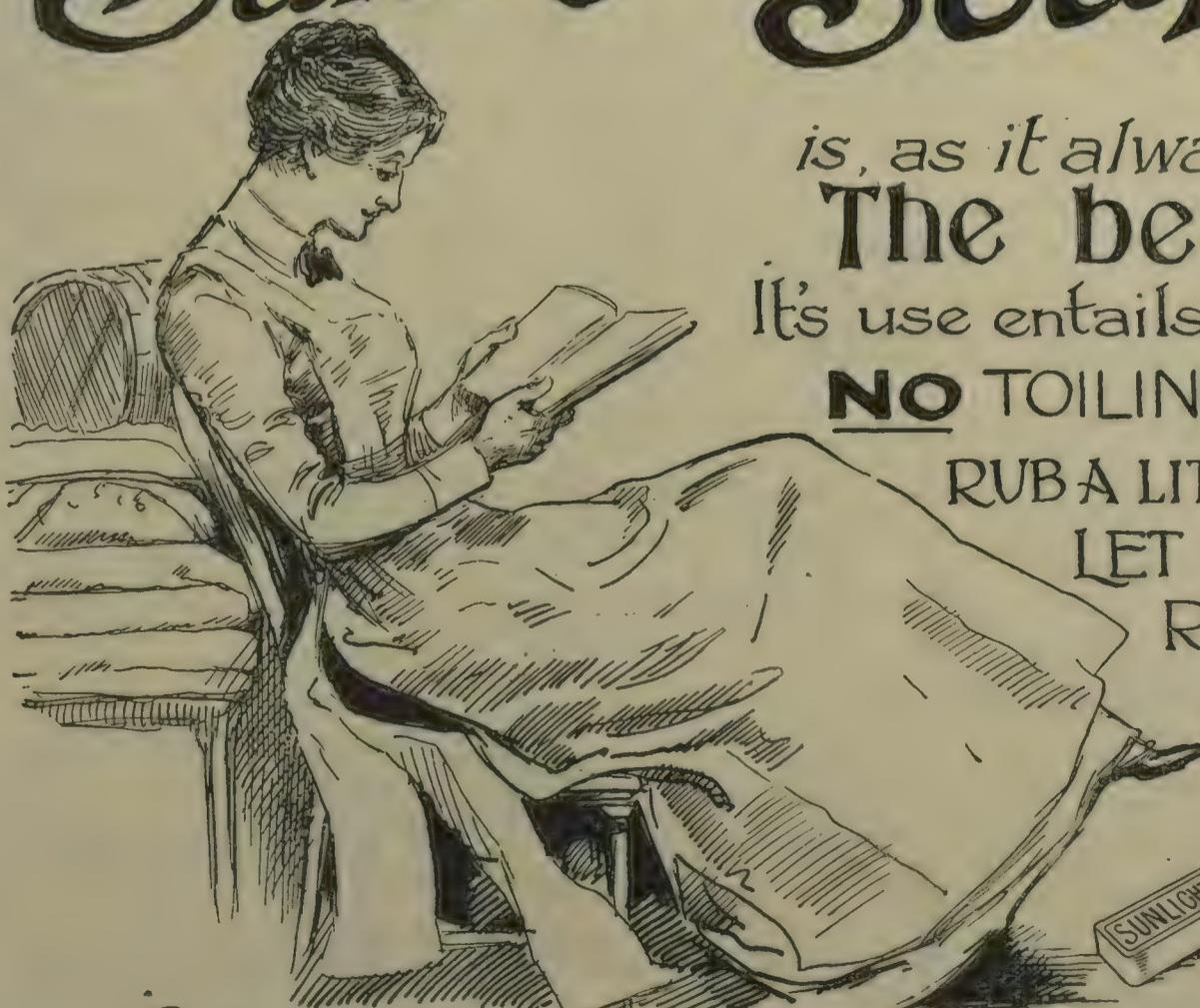
Its use entails **NO** SCRUBBING;

NO TOILING, **NO** BOILING;

RUB A LITTLE ON THE LINEN.,

LET IT SOAK FOR AWHILE,
RINSE IN CLEAN WATER

THATS
ALL!



The Sunlight Way

LEVER BROTHERS, LTD. PORT SUNLIGHT, CHESHIRE.



ECCLESIASTICAL
NOTES.

There was a dense crowd in Westminster Abbey on Mothering Sunday, when the Bishop of Ripon was the preacher. People stood packed together in the aisles in a way which would hardly have been permitted in any other place of worship. Bishop Boyd-Carpenter is one of the most popular of living preachers. He is inclined to undue lengthiness; but for brilliant, spontaneous oratory he is unrivalled among the Bishops.

At a recent C.M.S. meeting in Manchester Bishop Moorhouse paid an enthusiastic tribute to the society, which he described as one of the greatest glories of the Church of England. Pessimists said that the English Establishment was drifting towards Rome. He confessed that there was a small section of clergy and laity who were less than loyal, but although they made a great noise, he knew them to be a very small section. The great heart of the Church was thoroughly Protestant.

Canon Knox Little has been suffering from a sharp attack of influenza, and was obliged to interrupt his Lenten course at St. Augustine's, Victoria Park.

The Bishop of Liverpool preached a very striking sermon at the Jubilee of Owens College. A special service was held in the Cathedral, and among those present were the Principal of the College, Mr. Alfred Hopkinson, many of the Professors, and several hundred



Photo. Knight, Aldershot.

THE DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, FARNBOROUGH, MARCH 14.
Owing to the fact that for a long time no water supply was available, the buildings were completely destroyed. At the time of the outbreak General Sir William Butler and seventy officers were about to sit down to luncheon in the hotel.

graduates and undergraduates of Victoria University. Bishop Chavasse alluded to the so-called conflict between science and religion, and remarked that the real conflict had rather been between scientific

and ugly blank wall has been replaced by wrought-iron railings, and stone piers with carved devices have been erected; while the churchyard has been laid out in terraces and covered with turf.

V.

men and religious men. Such conflicts ought to be impossible, if for no other reason than this: that science knows nothing but phenomena, while the proper objects of religious faith are those eternal realities which underlie phenomena.

The Rev. Sparrow Simpson, M.A., was the preacher at St. Paul's during the fourth week of Lent, but owing to the gloomy fogs of the early days of last week, the attendance at the Cathedral was poor. One of his most effective addresses was that on the authority of the Christian Church in matters of faith. His clear, penetrating voice reached all parts of the building. The authorities at St. Paul's have been careful this year to invite only preachers with excellent elocutionary powers for the Lenten services.

Treasurer Atherton, Canon Missioner of the diocese of Exeter, has been ordered abroad for rest and change, and left Exeter last week to spend some months in the South of France and Italy.

Important alterations have lately been completed at the churchyard of St. Andrew by the Wardrobe, which is close to the Bible House in Queen Victoria Street. A high

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA
MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath. Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites. Invigorating in Hot Climates.

Restores the Colour to Carpets. Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle.

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COLONEL JAMES WILLCOCKS,
OF WEST AFRICAN FAME, has written that the
BERKEFELD Filter is the **BEST.**

In "Reminiscences of Sport in West Africa," published in the February number of the *Empire Review*, Colonel James Willcocks writes as follows: "One word more regarding camp equipment and I have done. Whatever may or may not be taken, it is absolutely necessary to have a couple of good portable filters, and the BERKEFELD IS THE BEST."

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INSIST ON HAVING THE

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MOURNING OF TO-DAY AT **BARKERS**

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And also at 34 & 40, UPPER ST., ISLINGTON, N.

SMART MANTLES
AND MILLINERY.

No. 66
For New
Designs in
Mourning
Clothes
write for
our latest
Catalogue
No. 43.

No. 67

No. 66.—Price only 5 Gns.
This handsome model for widows' wear is of peau-de-soie or bengaline silk, very finely tuck'd and trimmed with a deep border of crape; scalloped yoke of crape over the shoulders, edged with narrow rosettes of crape, and a tucked silk collar, lined with quillings of chiffon. It is lined silk throughout.

The smart little BONNET, with a crown of draped grenadine and rose quillings of crape all round, make a very dainty effect. Price 12 9, or with long fall of hemstitched grenadine, 21 9.

No. 67.—Price 2 1/2 Gns.

Leading design for the present season, made in various mourning silks, and trimmed with graduated bands of crape; has a large collar in the new turn-down shape now so fashionable, ornamented with insertions of silk passementerie, lined silk throughout.

The BONNET sketched with this is a "petite" Marie Stuart shape, embroidered crape insertion, knotted in centre, caught deftly with tiny jet-headed pins; fall of crape, silk embroidered edge and corners. Price 29 6.

No. 68.—Price 3 1/2 Gns.

Unique and exclusive model for widows' mourning of either bengaline or peau-de-soie, and trimmed with horizontal bands of crape; with strappings stitched silk at either edge; collar of storm shape, also stitched and strapped, the whole effect being very pleasing, lined silk throughout.

The BONNET is of widows' grenadine, flatly folded in latest fashion. Very becoming to ladies not requiring fall at back. Price only 12 9.

No. 69.—Price 42 9.

Stylish Cape, of special value, at moderate price, made of various mourning silks, and trimmed vandyked crape all round edge and shoulders, surmounted by rouleaux; full ruffe of crape and chiffon intermixed. Lined silk throughout.

The accompanying BONNET of folded crape is very neat and close-fitting, and can be had without fall at back for 8 11, or with fall, 12 9.

No. 70.—Price 3 Gns.

French design of particular smartness, made in rich corded silk, trimmings of crape, with appliqués of crape in the corners, outlined embroidery; really a most desirable cape for widows' second wear. Lined silk.

CHARMING BONNET of folded and wired crape, very full at sides, gracefully arranged by tight knot in front. Fall of net with border of grenadine, finished with tiny silk gimp. Price 24 9.

No. 69

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All Music can be played
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climates.
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attachment.



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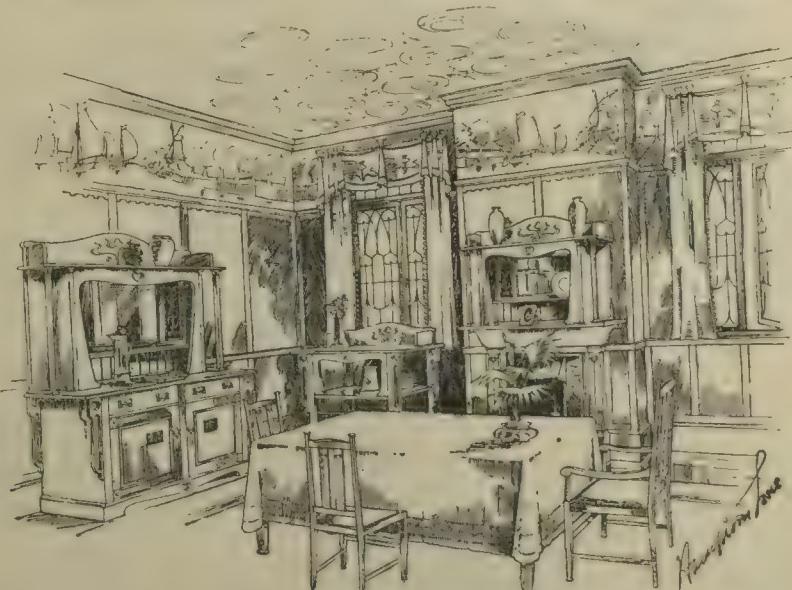
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HAMPTONS' "Hamlyn" Dining Room Set, in the "New Art" style, in Fumed Oak, inlaid with pewter.

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| 5 ft. Oak Sideboard | £9 18 6 |
| 4 ft. 3 in. Overmantel | £15 0 |

**Spring Season Renovations of
Houses, Decorations, Furniture.**

HAMPTON & SONS desire to draw the Special Attention of Householders to the necessity of placing at once their instructions for any such work that they may purpose having carried out, and to the fact that HAMPTONS estimate free for the Renovation of Town Houses for the coming season. See HAMPTONS' NEW BOOKLET,

"1902 SPRING SEASON RENOVATIONS,"
Sent Post Free on Application.
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EASTER RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

For the convenience of those who may wish to obtain information or procure tickets beforehand, thereby avoiding delay and trouble at Waterloo and other railway stations, the London and South-Western Railway Company will keep open their City, West-End, and other offices later than usual on March 26, 27, and 29. Excursion tickets to Paris will be issued on March 26, 27, 28, and 29, available for fourteen days or less. Return fares, first class, 30s. 3d.; second class, 30s. 3d.; third class, 26s. On Good Friday, day excursions will run to Aldershot, Farnborough, Basingstoke, Winchester, Southampton, Portsmouth, Gosport, Isle of Wight, Romsey, Salisbury, Wilton, Brockenhurst, Bournemouth, Petersfield, Midhurst, etc. On Easter Monday, day excursions will run to Winchester, Southampton, Cowes, Salisbury, Wilton, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Lyndhurst Road, Brockenhurst, Lymington, Christchurch, Bournemouth Central, Aldershot, etc. (Two-day tickets are issued to certain of these places.) For further particulars of above, also excursions during Easter holidays to Reading, Virginia Water, Teddington (for Bushey Park), Kingston, Surbiton, Hampton Court, Oxshott, Cobham, Epsom, Leatherhead, Staines, Windsor, etc., see bills and programmes.

The London and North-Western Company announce that the ticket-offices at Euston, Broad Street, Kensington, Victoria (Pimlico), and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Monday, March 24, to Easter Monday, March 31, inclusive; so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the town receiving-offices of the company. Additional express trains will be run, and special arrangements made, in connection with the London and North-Western passenger trains for the Easter holidays. The company also announce cheap excursions for the Easter holidays as follows: On Wednesday, March 26, to Dublin, Greenore, Belfast, and other places in Ireland. To return within

sixteen days: On Wednesday midnight, March 26, to Blackburn, Blackpool, Bolton, Carlisle, Carnforth, Chorley, English Lake District, Fleetwood, Furness Line Stations, Lancaster, Lytham, Maryport, Morecambe, Penrith, Preston, St. Helens, Southport, Whitehaven, Workington, Wigan, etc., returning March 31, April 1 or 3. On Thursday, March 27, to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Inverness, Oban, Perth, Stirling, and other places in Scotland, returning March 31 or April 4, or within sixteen days. Tourist tickets, available for two months, are issued daily to North and Central Wales, Cambrian Line Stations, Blackpool, Southport, Morecambe, Windermere, Grange, Ulverston, the English Lake District, Greenore, Portrush, etc. For full particulars see the company's announcements.

The Midland Railway Company will run cheap excursion trains from London (St. Pancras), etc., as follows: Cheap week-end tickets will be issued on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 27, 28, and 29, from London (St. Pancras) to the principal seaside and inland holiday resorts, including the Peak District of Derbyshire, Morecambe, the Lake District, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, Scotland, and other parts, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 1, except day of issue. Cheap week-end and day excursion tickets will also be issued to Southend-on-Sea during the Easter holidays. To prevent inconvenience and crowding, the booking-offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street stations will be open for the issue of tickets all day on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, March 26, 27, and 29, and tickets to all principal stations on the Midland Railway will also be issued beforehand at any of their City booking-offices. The tickets obtained at these offices will be available from St. Pancras Station, and will be issued at the same fares as charged at that station, and dated to suit the convenience of passengers.

The Great Western Railway Company issue ordinary as well as excursion tickets at their City and West-End offices, where tickets can be obtained during the whole week preceding Easter. Tickets can also be obtained

at Clapham Junction, Battersea, Chelsea, Kensington (Addison Road), and the stations on the Hammersmith and City Line. On Good Friday and Easter Sunday, cheap trains will run to Reading, Oxford, and other riverside stations. On Saturday, March 29, excursions will run to Swindon, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Cardiff, Merthyr, Swansea, Carmarthen, Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, Chester, Liverpool, etc., and on Easter Monday to Reading, Pangbourne, Goring, Swindon, Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Oxford, Leamington, Birmingham, Wolvehampton, and other places.

The Brighton Railway Company announce that by their Royal Mail Route via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the special express day service on Thursday morning, March 27, and by the express night service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, March 26, 27, 28, and 29. To ensure punctuality, two or more trains and steamers will be run as required by the traffic. Special cheap return tickets from Paris to Switzerland are issued in connection with these excursions. Cheap return tickets to Dieppe will be issued on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, March 27 to 31, available to return on any day up to and including the following Tuesday.

For holiday-makers desirous of visiting Holland and Germany during Easter, the Great Eastern Railway Company's Hook of Holland Royal British Mail route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening and the Northern and Midland Counties in the afternoon arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. From the Hook of Holland through carriages run to Cologne, Bâle, and Berlin, reaching Cologne at noon, Bâle and Berlin in the evening. Restaurant-cars also run on the North and South German express trains to and from the Hook of Holland. The General Steam Navigation Company's



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RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

SPECIAL TO MOTHERS.—If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.

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Cure COUGH, COLD, HOARSENESS, and INFLUENZA. Cure any IRRITATION or SORENESS of the THROAT. Relieve the HACKING COUGH in CONSUMPTION. Relieve BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH. Clear and give Strength to the VOICE of SINGERS. And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS. Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, 1s. 1d. per Box.

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Doesn't it begin to look as though it wanted a new, handsome floor-covering, now the dull days of winter are gone? Try our Inlaid Cork Lino, and note how it will improve the appearance of your office, and, incidentally, your business prospects. Our Inlaid Cork Lino is easy to clean, needs no scrubbing, and the beautiful colours last for years, because they go right through the heavy substance. It is inexpensive to buy, and we are pleased to send samples. 10% off for Cash.

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contains photographs of celebrities and other illustrations with interesting and instructive articles which should be read before buying any cycle...
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Felt as the hare"

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all work,
all climates.

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Delicious, Nutritive, Digestible.

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Millions have learnt to know and appreciate the unfailing beneficial effects of this agreeable and gentle laxative.

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Has won wide-world popularity as a family remedy for every ailment for which a laxative is required, because it is agreeable as well as unfailing in its effects. It is pleasant to the taste, pleasant in its mild, gentle, and natural action upon the sluggish organs, and pleasant in its results; for it ensures healthful regularity and freedom from impurities in the system, and leaves the liver, kidneys, and bowels permanently benefited, so that its use may be discontinued as soon as the system is relieved and cleansed.

THE GOOD IT DOES
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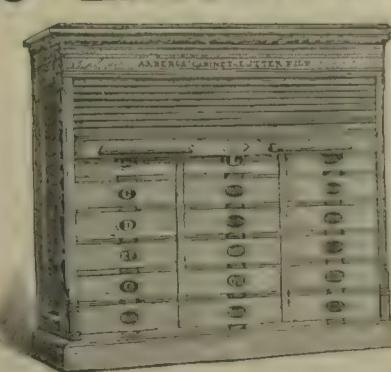


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AMBERG FILE & INDEX CO., 27, Little Britain, London, E.C.

Also NEW YORK and CHICAGO.

last passenger steamers will leave Harwich for Hamburg on March 27 and 29, returning March 30 and April 2.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run special excursions to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne, on Thursday, March 27, and Saturday, March 29, leaving Victoria 2.40 p.m., Holborn 2.35 p.m., and St. Paul's 2.37 p.m.; also from Charing Cross and Cannon Street via Dover and Calais at 9 a.m. on March 27 and 9 p.m. on March 26, 27, 28, and 29. A cheap excursion to Boulogne will leave Victoria at 2.40 p.m., and Holborn at 2.35 p.m. on Saturday, March 29, returning at 7.25 p.m. on Bank Holiday. On Bank Holiday special day excursions will be run to Boulogne and Calais from Charing Cross. Full particulars of the excursions, extension of time for certain return tickets, alterations in train services, &c., are given in the special holiday programme and bills.

The Great Northern Railway Company, upon whose extensive system lie many of the most delightful health resorts in the kingdom, have arranged an attractive and comprehensive list of excursions for the Easter holidays. The cheap week-end tickets usually issued each Friday and Saturday by all ordinary trains having through connection to stations on their line will be issued on Thursday, Good Friday (if train service admits), and Saturday, March 27, 28, and 29. For those who wish for a long day at the seaside on Bank Holiday the company announce numerous Easter Monday excursions.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 13, 1901) of Field-Marshal Sir Neville Bowles Chamberlain, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., of Lordwood, near Southampton, who died on Feb. 18, was proved on March 11 by General Sir Crawford Trotter Chamberlain, G.C.I.E., the brother, Henry John Morgan, and Charles Gasquet, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £92,705. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his brother absolutely.

The will (dated Sept. 7, 1901), with a codicil (dated Nov. 1 following), of Mr. George Henderson, J.P., of Castle Hill, Bodmin, who died on Jan. 17, was proved on March 1 by John Henwood Thomas, John Pethybridge, and Henry Durett Foster, the executors, the value of the estate being £86,981. The testator gives his residence, with the furniture and effects, and such a sum as with the value of such furniture will make up £30,000, to John Henwood Thomas; £6,000 to Elizabeth Bell, and £500 each to her children; £400 to Henry Lamb; £1,000 to Dr. Theophilus Hoskin; £1500 and certain farms and lands to James Thomas; £500 each to Susan Roskrige and Mary Nickell; £2,000 to Stephen Hutchinson; £400 each to John Pethybridge and Henry Durett Foster; £1,000 to the Corporation of Bodmin, to apply the income at Christmas for the benefit of fifty poor widows; and £1,000 to the South Devon and Cornwall Hospital; and other legacies. The residue of his property is to be divided between Elizabeth Bell,

Henry Lamb, Dr. Theophilus Hoskin, Henry A. Willey, and James Thomas.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1898) of Mr. Frederick Blackall Garrard, of Sandstone, Iver, Bucks, who died on Feb. 17, was proved on March 7 by Frederick Norton Garrard and William Garrard, the sons, and Charles Knight, the executors, the value of the estate being £56,586. The testator gives £300, a conditional legacy of £500, all his furniture and household effects, and, during her widowhood, the use and enjoyment of Sandstone, and all other his real property to his wife; £150 each to his executors; and £250 per annum each to his daughters during the life of his wife. His residuary estate is to be held, upon trust, to pay £1,000 per annum to his wife during her widowhood, or of £300 per annum should she again marry, and subject thereto for his children, the share of each of his daughters not to be less than £10,000.

The Irish probate of the will (dated July 22, 1898) of Lieutenant-Colonel Eustace Guinness, R.A., formerly of Burton Hall, County Dublin, who was killed in action at Bergenlaagte, Transvaal, on Oct. 30, granted to Henry Seymour Guinness and Howard Rundell Guinness, the brothers, was resealed in London on March 8, the value of the estate in England and Ireland amounting to £54,891. The testator bequeaths all his effects, not being money or securities for money, to his wife; and £5,000, upon trust, for his brother Geoffrey Gwynne and his wife and



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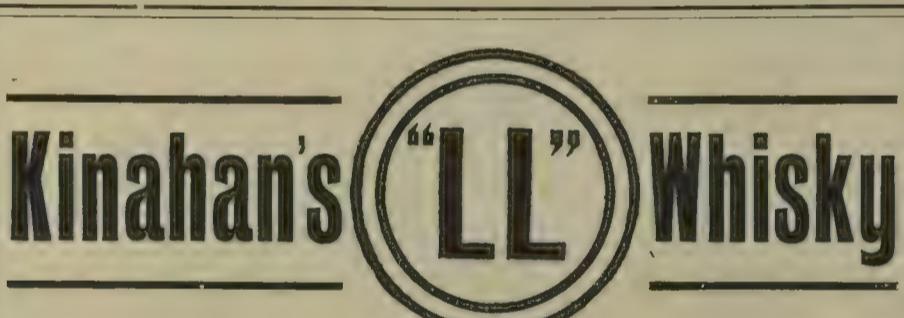
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sons. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children, and in default of issue for his brothers Henry Seymour, Howard Rundell, and Richard Noel.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1899) of Mr. Francis Stevenson, C.E., of 104, Regent's Park Road and Euston Station, chief engineer of the London and North-Western Railway Company, who died on Feb. 1, was proved on March 6 by George Thomas Stevenson and Walter MacDougall Stevenson, the nephews, the value of the estate amounting to £47,500. The testator gives £1500, and an annuity of £150 to Alice Jennette Taylor; £250 and an annuity of £100 to his nephew, James Fordyce Stevenson, and £500 and an annuity of £60 to Louisa, his wife; £500 each to Elizabeth Stevenson, Ada Hull, and Margaret Larsen; £100, and an annuity of £60 to Isabella Kirkham; £1500 to Eleanor Wilson Parrington; £500 and an annuity of £60 to Lucy Brown; £250 to Walter Stevenson Brown; £250 and an annuity of £50 to Harriet McKinley; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephews—George

Thomas Stevenson and Walter MacDougall Stevenson, and his niece, Jessie Agnes Stevenson.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1900) of Mr. Francis James Hartridge, of Hillside, Park Hill Road, Croydon, who died on Feb. 8, was proved on March 4 by Charles Francis Hartridge, the nephew, Henry Hill Hartridge, the son, and John Morgan, the executors, the value of the estate being £45,811. The testator bequeaths £500 and his furniture and plate to his wife, Mrs. Jessie Grace Hartridge; £150 each to his executors, and £1000 to his daughter Florence, payable on the falling-in of two life policies. During the widowhood of Mrs. Hartridge £100 per annum each is to be applied for the support of his sons Clifford and Montague, and £100 per annum for his daughter Florence while a spinster. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife until she shall again marry, and then an annuity of £100; and, subject thereto, for all his children.

The will (dated Dec. 16, 1899), with three codicils (dated Dec. 19, 1900, and Sept. 10 and Dec. 30, 1901), of Mr. Henry Lloyd, of Pitsford Hall, Northampton, who

died on Jan. 4, was proved on March 7 by Richard Borradale Lloyd, the brother, and John Bertie Norreys Entwistle, the executors, the value of the estate being £33,188. The testator devises all his real estate to his son Meyrick Entwistle, but should he come into certain property, exceeding in value £50,000, then such devise is to shift to his brother Stanley Norreys Lloyd. He bequeaths £300 to his wife; £50 each to his executors; and he makes no further provision for his daughters, having already appointed to them the funds of his first marriage settlement. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his two sons.

The will (dated April 23, 1892), with a codicil (dated Sept. 21, 1897), of Major Owen Harris, of The Grange, Lamberhurst, Kent, who died on Oct. 9, was proved on March 11 by William James Harris, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £21,407. The testator bequeaths his household furniture, £500, a policy on his life for £1000, and the income, for life, of the residue of his property to his wife. Subject thereto his residuary estate is to go to his children.

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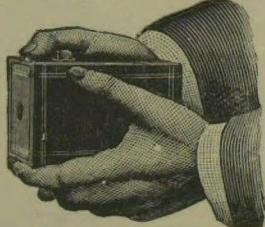
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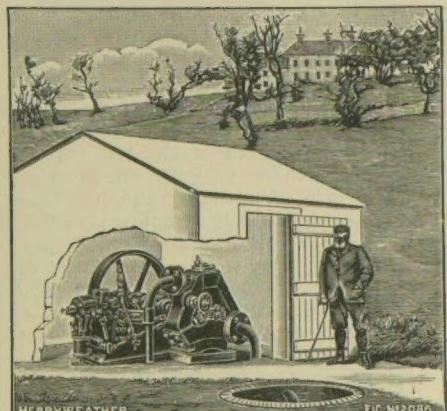
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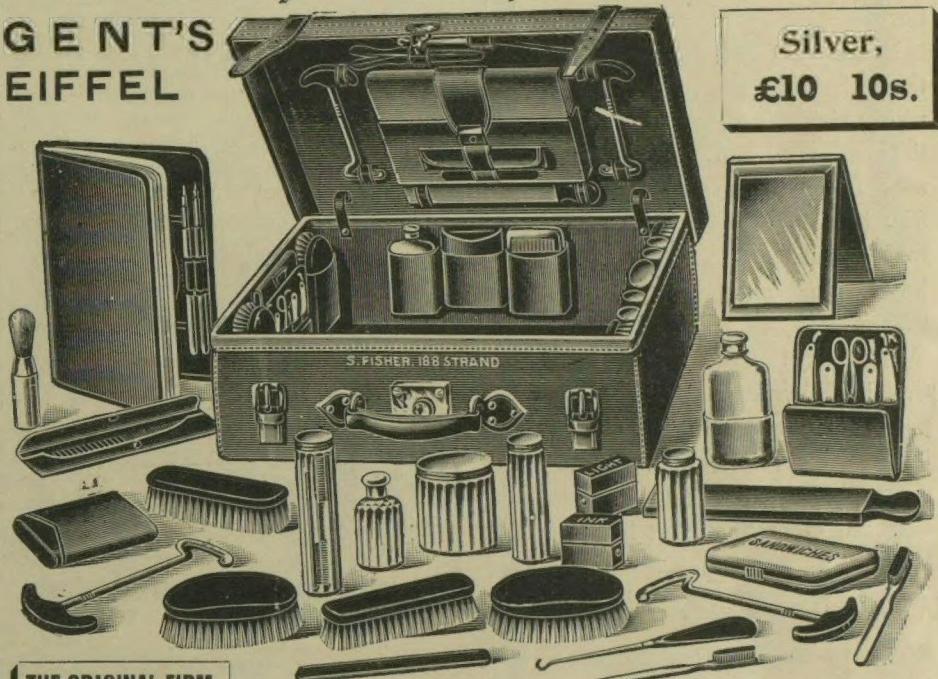
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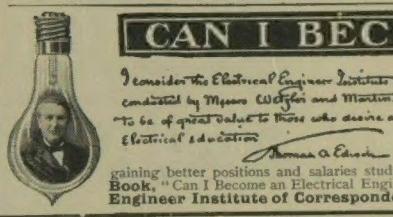


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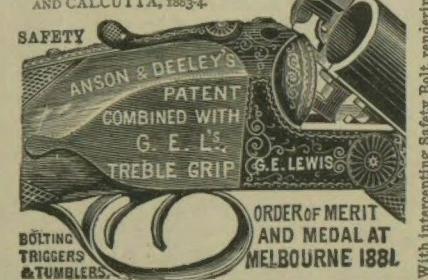
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MUSIC.

The Saturday Popular Concerts at the St. James's Hall are drawing to an end. The last but one was given on the afternoon of Saturday, March 15, and began with the quartet in D major of Beethoven, scored for two violins, a viola, and violoncello. The quartet players were Herr Ondricek, Mr. Haydn Inwards, Mr. Alfred Gibson, and Herr Carl Fuchs, and a better balance of harmony has seldom been heard. The quartet has been well described as a rare exemplification of the absolute repose and unclouded serenity to be found scattered here and there throughout the works of Beethoven. There is more than unclouded repose, however, in this quartet; there is a grandeur in the composition and a wealth of most beautiful melody. Of all the movements, the stately simplicity of the minuet stands out markedly, though the allegro is a very popular movement. Mr. Santley was the vocalist of the concert, and received an overwhelming reception, for which he accorded an encore. He sang a recitative of Handel, and his aria "Del Minaccia del Vento." Miss Muriel Elliott,

the pianist, is improving yearly. Her expression is more individual and sympathetic, and her always admirable technique was well shown in the Sonata in A flat major of Beethoven for the pianoforte. Herr Ondricek played as a solo the unaccompanied Chaconne in D minor of Bach, written for the violin. The chaconne is an archaic form of composition, a movement of grave and stately character, built up on a phrase, or successive phrases of four bars, on which a set of variations is superimposed. In this particular chaconne Bach employs four original themes, and a fifth, which is a modification of the third. The first set of variations, thirteen in number, is in the minor key, and then there is a fresh series in the major key. Herr Ondricek played with much charm and brilliancy. Mr. Santley chose the "Erl King" of Schubert for his second song, and sang it with his accustomed dramatic power and finished method. A trio in E flat of Beethoven, in which Miss Muriel Elliott played the pianoforte part, completed the programme.

The musical event of the month is undoubtedly the production of "La Damnation de Faust" (Berlioz) at

Monte Carlo, with M. Jean de Reszke, Madame Melba, and M. Renaud; and it is to M. Raoul Gunsbourg, the director of the theatre, that the credit is due of having effectually proved that this masterpiece was no more intended for the concert-room than either "Parsifal" or "Tristan," but was conceived as an opera, as is shown most forcibly in the letters of Berlioz to his son, in which the composer writes that he only resigns himself to having it done in concerts because "it offers me at least the opportunity of hearing my work." The French papers are loud in their praises of the interpreters of the work. M. Jean de Reszke has already appeared in the rôle of Faust, but it was Madame Melba's first appearance as the ill-fated heroine of Berlioz, and one hears that her poetic treatment of the character was superb.

M. I. H.

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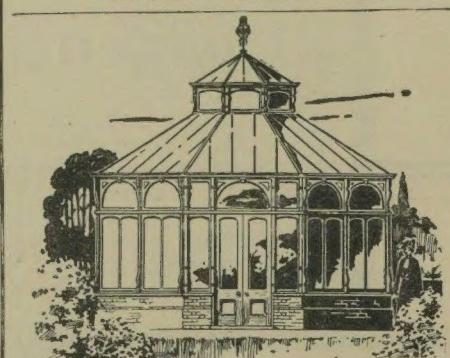
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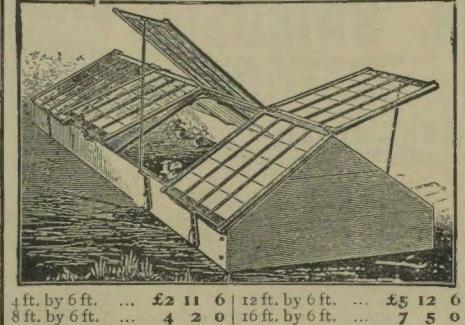
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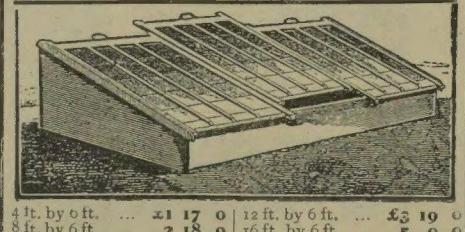


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A Chester reporter, who called recently to investigate the case, found both Miss Wilkinson and her mother at home; and in conversation with the Press representative, Mrs. Wilkinson said—

"My daughter has been an invalid for nearly six years. She has been subject to chronic biliousness, accompanied by acute pain, every two or three weeks. During the attacks she would be completely prostrated and unable to go to her employment. Last Whitsuntide she was in such a serious condition that everyone who saw her said she could not last long. She could not retain anything on her stomach, and any nourishment she tried to take was vomited up again. Much money has been spent on her in doctor's medicines and professional advice, but without any permanent good being effected. The doctor said she was too far gone, as her stomach was ulcerated."

"This state of things continued until one day I saw in the paper an article describing some wonderful cures by Bile Beans for Biliousness. I at once wrote for a box, and began to give them to my daughter. The first few doses gave her much relief; easing the violent pains in the stomach. Gradually with the continued use of the Beans she began to feel better. Her strength returned, and she began to put on flesh. She is now well again, and quite like her old self. You may make what use you like of this statement, as I think others might benefit by hearing this case."

Bile Beans for Biliousness, which accomplished the above cure, are purely vegetable in composition, and their excellence has been so well proved that many eminent doctors are now prescribing them largely.

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Women in particular are sufferers from sick headache. It almost seems as if their delicate organisation was peculiarly susceptible to this ailment. It is usually one of the symptoms of biliousness, constipation, or other derangement of the digestive organs. In this disorder very acute headache is accompanied by a feeling of nausea, hence the name sick headache. The sufferer has generally a bad taste in the mouth, and a feeling of utter helplessness and wretchedness, in accordance with the severity of the attack. In all attacks, however slight or however serious, Charles Forde's BILE BEANS will be found to have a salutary effect, and a course will in most cases render future trouble very unlikely.

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Palpitation and shortness of breath are two evils which often go together, and which make the lives of scores of men and women absolutely miserable. It does not follow that palpitation means a weak heart. Very often its cause is to be found in the condition of the digestive organs and liver. Mrs. Fanny Owen, of High Street, Church Stretton, suffered from these ailments for years, and in addition she had strange buzzing and ringing noises in her head which distressed her sorely. "The least exertion brought on violent palpitation," she said to a *Church Stretton Advertiser* reporter, "and sometimes I got so short of breath that I hardly knew how to bring myself round. I went to Salop Hospital, but the noises in my head, the palpitation, and the acute headache defied all the treatment they could give me, and I came out as bad as I went. It was then I tried Charles Forde's BILE BEANS. To my delight they soon made a difference in me! The noises in my head ceased, and the palpitation left me, as I continued with their use. My breathing also became easier, and finally I was restored to health. I have since recommended BILE BEANS to a number of people, who have all reaped great benefit from their use."

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are a certain cure for congestion of the liver, headache, neuralgia, fainting fits, attacks of dizziness, colds, chill, indigestion, flatulence, pains in the chest, loins or back, defective secretion of the bile, wasting affections, female irregularities, rheumatism, gout, and the host of ailments having a common origin in impurity of the blood, a general congestion of the system, and loss of vital force.

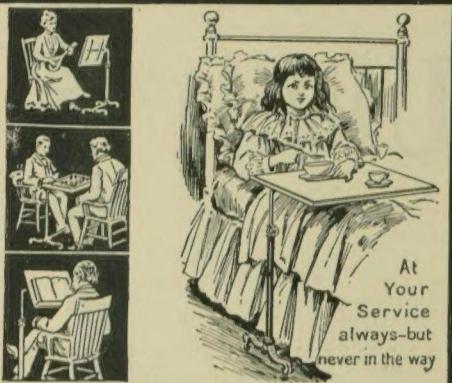
Obtainable from all chemists, or post free from the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., 119 and 120, London Wall, London, E.C., upon receipt of prices 1/1½, or 2/9 per box (2/9 box contains 3 times 1/1½ size). Bile Beans are sold only in sealed boxes, never loose.

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The Proprietors have so much faith in the efficacy of Bile Beans that they will forward a sample box free, and a book on liver and digestive ailments, if you cut out this Coupon and send it with your name and address and a penny stamp (to cover return postage), to the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co.'s Central Distributing Depôt, Greek Street, Leeds.

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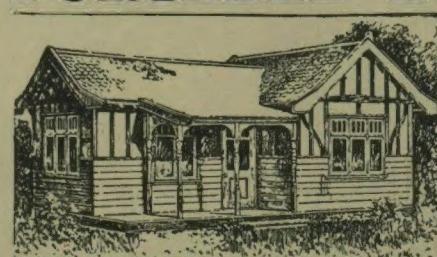
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